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VOL. 23. WASHINGTON, D. C. SATURDAY NOVEMBER 21, 1903. NO. 2

SHE TRAINS HORSES.

Mrs. Cora Pontifax, of Indiana, Unique Among Her Sex.

Recently Drove Trotter at County Fair and Won the Race—Has Broken Many Colts to Saddle and Harness.

Indiana, the state of geniuses, prodigies and people who do extraordinary things, has as its latest novelty a woman jockey. Doubtless many women, especially in the western states, might claim this title because of their proficiency in horsemanship, but only one woman, Mrs. Cora Pontifax, of Laporte, actually breaks colts to the saddle and harness and then trains and conditions them for the track.

Mrs. Pontifax came into notice recently when she drove Tucker, the Chicago matinee horse formerly owned by George B. Dryden, and won in the gentlemen's driving class at the Laporte county fair. The strange spectacle of seeing a woman drive attracted an unusually large crowd to the races. As Mrs. Pontifax entered in a speed cart, attired unostentatiously in a neat dark skirt and shirt waist, the 10,000 spectators watching her cheered enthusiastically. She drove a quarter to "warm up" and then the race was on. In the first heat it looked for awhile as if she were going to get in a "pocket," but she held dogegdly to her course and at the end went under the wire first. In the second heat she had the lead from the quarter turn. The third heat was hers from the start. Each time as she came in the crowd gave her an ovation and when it was all over they kept on applauding and cheering till she was out of sight.

"It was my first race," said Mrs. Pontifax to a correspondent for the Chicago Chronicle, "and when I drove in on the track I felt so nervous that I almost wished I hadn't started. But when the race began I forgot everything except my horse. The experience, however, is

MRS CORA PONTIFAX.
(Indiana Woman Who Is Noted as a Trainer of Horses.)

not new to me; training and conditioning horses is my business."

Fourteen years ago Mrs. Pontifax was a dressmaker, so broken down in health that she could not work and without money enough to stop work and recuperate. Her physician advised a change of occupation as the only permanent remedy. In her dilemma she bethought herself of her girlhood days. Back on her father's farm she had been fond of horses and skillful in managing them. Colt breaking had been her greatest delight, and she often rode horseback in Indian fashion, bareback and without saddle or bridle. And so, to regain her health, she began colt breaking as a business.

Mrs. Pontifax's health steadily improved and after three years of breaking and gaiting saddle horses she bought a livery stable at Laporte. Four years later she moved to Chicago and remained there four years in business. She then returned to Laporte and has owned a training stable in that city for the last two years.

At the barn Mrs. Pontifax does her share of the work, helping to feed and clean the horses. And everything is scrupulously clean. The floors look like those of a house; the horses' blankets are spotless and the straw in the stalls is fresh and sweet. Frequently Mrs. Pontifax is left unexpectedly without help and is compelled to do all the work. On one occasion when she was alone she cared for 16 head of horses. On Saturdays and holidays, when large numbers of farmers come to town, she has her barn full of teams, sometimes feeding as many as 230 horses a day.

Yet in spite of all this manual labor Mrs. Pontifax is very feminine. Her office has dainty white curtains at the windows, easy chairs about the room and a small, rather womanish-looking writing desk. Mrs. Pontifax does not wear the dress of the "new woman." She is fond of the little frills and tucks and trimmings that women love. She does not believe that jockeying is woman's work. "No," she said, "this horse business is not woman's work. It is too hard. I just drifted naturally into it and now it is my business. I like it—yes—and I love a good horse, but there are many disagreeable things about the business. Still, I suppose there are in all kinds of work."

DISTRICT JURIES.

From the Daily Post.

One sentence in the address of President Roosevelt at the centennial exercises of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church last Monday night appeals with especial force to this community.

President Roosevelt denounced with characteristic vigor and emphasis corruption and venality in official life. He did not, however, fail to point out the fact that although the legislator, the executive officer, and the judge might do their full duty, nothing would avail unless the people sustained them. And then the President added:

"In the last resort we have to depend upon the jury drawn from the people to convict the scoundrel who has tainted our public life, and unless that jury does its duty, unless it is backed by public sentiment of the people, all th work of the legislator, executive officer of judicial officer, are for naught."

There can be no doubt that the President had in mind when he made this strong utterance the fact that it will devolve upon a District jury to decide upon the guilt or innocence of the officials in the Post-office Department who have been recently indicted for accepting bribes and other crimes. We are well aware that certain events in the past have warranted the President's warning. In fact, the impression obtains throughout the country that the atmosphere of Washington is not conducive to Spartan-like views of official integrity. The President would seem to share in this belief, and he has appealed to the citizens here to stand by him and all others who have labored earnestly to rid the Post-office Department of dishonesty in every form.

We join with the President in his appeal. The good name of the National Capital is at stake. We believe that the judicial authorities will see to it that the juries selected to try the post-office cases are composed of men of unquestioned integrity, who will not be swayed by any wrong consideration from rendering a just verdict. There are thousands of men in Washington hose uprightness and sense of justice are so established that the people will accept their verdict as a righteous one, whatever it be Th re are the men from whom the juries shoud be chosen, and it is the duty of such men, when called upon to serve, to sacrifice private interests for public good. The final disposition of these post-office cases rests with the District juries. Again let us express the hope that great care will be exercised in their selection, so that the guilty, if they deserve punishment, shall not escape.

CONVERT THE NEGRO.

The Duty of the South—The South Understands the Race.

The negro problem received some attention last Tuesday night at the session of the Columbia Association of the Baptist Churches of the District of Columbia. Rev. J. W. Many, representing the Home Missionary Society of New York, emphasized the importance of missionary work in America, saying the redemption of the world rested upon the efforts of the American people. For the coming year he said, $750,000 was needed for the home work, to be expended mostly among the negroes.

Rev. William E. Hatcher, an evangelist of the Home Mission Society of Atlanta, declared it to be his belief that the conversion of the negro race rested with the Southern people who understand the race.

Three sessions were held Wednesday. The forenoon was devoted to temperance work and educational endeavors. The latter work was continued in the afternaon. The Sunday school workers had the floor at the evening service, when the report on Sunday-schools was heard.

Mr. P. S. Fost r was re-elected moderator unanimously. Mr. S. M. Yeatman was re-elected secretary for his twenty seventh consecutive term. Mr. W. E. Evans was re-elected treasurer.

In the report which Rev. Theron Outwater, of the committee on application of churches, presented, it was recommended that the Centennial Church in Northeast Washington be admitted to the association. The report was adopted.

"EVERY HOUR ON THE HOUR"
to Baltimore. Is B. & O. R. R. service, from 7 A. M. to 8 P M. week days returning in like manner. Also superservice to Philadelphia and New York.

S. B. HEGE.

Mr. S. B. Hege, District passenger agent of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad company is off on leave. There is no man connected with the B. and O. road who is in more need of a vacation than Mr. Hege. He is a favorate among the business people of Washington and liked by all colors irrespective of condition. He never misses an opportunity to bring business to his road and he is one man who is not too proud to go and look for it if it does not come fast enough.

THE SUFFRAGE CONVENTION.

Rhode Island to be Represented.

We, the Negro Republicans of Newport, R. I., in Mass-Meeting this day assembled in Masonic Hall, reaffirm our faith in the principles of the Republican Party, the party of Freedom, Manhood Suffrage and the Civil and Political Equality of All Men be thy the law—and do hereby pledge ourselves, individually and collectively, so do all within our power for the success of the Republican State, Legislative and Municipal Ticket, to be voted upon Tuesday, Nov. 3, 1903.

We heartily commend and endorse the Administration of Theodore Roosevelt, who stands for Political Cleanness, Political Equality and Political Opportunity regardless of race and color—and name him, Republican National Standard Bearer for 1904.

We call upon our Senators and Representatives in Congress to uphold the doctrines of our party and do most urgently request them to the end that Southern Disfranchisement—which having wiped out the Negro voter of the South, and now with menacing hands seeks to enslave the Northern Negro—may be blotted out forever.

We call upon the Republican Party to accept the challenge of Senator Gorman, the Traducer of the President, Leader of the Democratic Party, Head of the Southern Political Slave Trust, Reviver of the Doctrine of the States' Rights, shot to death upon a hundred battle-fields, buried at Appomattox, and demonstrate that the dead did not die in vain and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, has not yet perished from the land.

We heartily endorse the National Negro Suffrage Convention to be held at Washington, D. C., December 14 and 15, 1903, and recommend that immediate steps be taken by which Rhode Island will be fully and creditably represented.

We commend the struggle and legal effort now being put forth by our suffering brethren in Virginia in their fight against Disfranchisement. We bid them fight on, pledging our financial and political assistance in every way possible.

We recommend that a copy of these resolutions be given to the press, and that a committee of three be appointed that a proper draft of the same be made and forwarded to our Senators and Representatives in Congress.

Newport, R. I., Nov. 2, 1903.

Committee:

Rev H. N. Jetter,
M. F. Wheatland, M. D.,
Rev. Byron Gunner,
Joseph Ray, Jr.,
W. H. Matthews,
Jockson Carter,
H. J. Tolbert,
William H. Matthews.

A CALL FOR A NATIONAL NEGRO SUFFRAGE CONVENTION.

In Obedience to a Resolution Unanimously passed at the Ninth Annual Convention of the Afro-American League of the State of Pennsylvania held at Harrisburg, Aug. 11th and 12th, 1903.

We hereby issue a call for a National Negro Suffrage Convention to be held in Washington, D. C., Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 14th and 15th, 1903.

PURPOSE:

To devise and put into operation such means as will break up Southern Disfranchisement and preserve the full and equal civil and political right of the American Citizens, regardless of color and race.

Liberty is the breath of life. It is the heritage of every American Citizen however lowly. "Eternal Vigilance," the price of liberty, must be exercised by every citizen and every race that would be free. For freedom we have given our lives upon fields of battles; have christened our citizenship in a baptism of blood, and have marched through the gates of death to reach his priceless boon. And yet, the sacrifices, which have placed freedom and citizenship in the hands of every other man within the confines of this great country-are not sufficient to keep Suffrage and Citizenship within the grasp of the American Negro "to the manner born" an American among Americans. We do most emphatically declare:—

1. That the time is here when the Negro of this entire country must make organized effort for the maintainance of the Negro Suffrage in every State of the Union.

2. That the open and daring attack upon the 14th and 15th Amendments by the Carmacks, Hardwicks, Williamses and Vardamans, is but the return of the Slave Power of the South, which having by illegal enactments disfranchised the black men of the South, now boldly and arrogantly seeks to enslave the Negro of the North, East and West.

3. To meet the schemes and politi-intrigues of these nullifiers of the Constitution, these men would destroy Negro citizenship, and bring about peonage both civil and political, we must gather in National assemblage, and use the political power which we now possess in self-defense to the end that the slavery of the South may be abolished, and that slavery in the North may not come.

APPORTIONMENT OF DELEGATES.

We recommend that the number of the delegates from each state be equal to the number of congressmen from said state.

Robert J. Nelson, President
A. A. League of Pa.
F. L. Jefferson, Secretary,
A. A. League of Pa.

For further information apply to
Jas. H. Hayes, Attorney-at-Law,
Washington, D. C.

October 16th, 1903.

All delegates when elected are directed to send credentials to the District of Columbia Local Suffrage League
Rev. S. L. Corrothers, Pres.
Wash. Suff. League.
W. Calvi Chase, Ch'm Ex. Com. Wash Suff League.
L. M. King, Sec'y, Wash. Suff. League.

THE SUFFRACE CONVENTION.

A Large Convention Anticipated—Letters from all over the Country Being Daily Received.

The National Suffrage convention of the United States which is to meet in this city Monday and Tuesday December 14th and 15th, will be largely attended. Interest is being manifested in every state in the Union. Pennsylvania has already elected her 39 delegates and they will all be here. New Jersey and Rhode Island have elected also. The local league is doing all in its power to give the delegates a royal reception. Massachusetts will elect next. From the reports of the letters being daily received this will be one of the largest conventions of Negroes ever held in this country.

Hon. J Hale Sypher of Louisiana has accepted an invitation to speak. The reception committee is doing everything to entertain the delegates. President Carrothers and the executive committee will urge on the people to co operate with them to make the convention a success.

Baltimore and Ohio Railroad

ONE-WAY COLONIST RATES TO THE WEST.

Tickets on sale daily until November 30th, 1903, inclusive, at all ticket offices of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad to points in Arizona, California, Colorado, Idaho, Mexico, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Mexico, Oregon, South Dakota, Texas, Utah, Washington, Wyoming and British Columbia at Greatly Reduced Rates.

For full information call on or address Ticket Agents Baltimor & Ohio Railroad.

N A. MERRITT,
The Most Competent and the Most Progressive Postmaster of this City

HON. JOHN. MERRITT.

One of the Best Officers of the Government—An Ideal Postmaster—Thousands of Citizens Demand His Reappointment.

There seems to be a few candidates for the position of City Postmaster. The Hon. John A. Merritt, who has held the position for a number of years and who has given much satisfaction to the citizens should be reappointed. There has never been at the head of that department who has given greater satisfaction to the people than Postmaster Merritt. He is fair and has always been. He knows no man by the color of his skin and it is hoped that President Roosevelt will reappoint him because he would recognizes merit. Has Mr. Merritt committed any offense? President Roosevelt wants clean men, and it is quite evident that throughout all of the Postoffice investigation nothing has been said that has reflected on the honesty and integrity of Mr. Merritt. This city has never had such service since as it has now. It is perfect and regular, quick as well as correct and perfect satisfaction has been given. This is all the people want. It is hoped therefore that President Roosevelt will make no change whatever, because they are perfectly satisfied.

JUDGE PRITCHARD WEDS MISS LILLIAN SAUM.

Quiet Wedding Saturday Morning at the Home of the Parents of the Bride.

Judge Pritchard of North Carolina, was quietly married Saturday morning last to Miss Lillian Saum, at the home of the bride's parents, 1317 M Street, Northwest. Owing to the ill health of Mr. Saum, the original plan for a church wedding was abandoned, and the ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Power, of the Christian church, in the presence of only immediate relitives and friends of the bride and groom. Judge and Mrs. Pritchard left town immediately after the ceremony for New York, where they will spend a few days before returning to the Ebbitt House, where they will live until the completion of their new home on [illegible] Avenue.

Judge Pritchard's first wife died fifteen months ago. Since then he has lived very quietly and the announcement of his marriage was a surprise to his friends in this city and the South. The bride, whose mother is from Fairfax County, North Carolina, the home of Judge Pritchard, is a beautiful woman. She was a friend of the former Mrs. Pritchard. The friendship of the two families dates back for several years prior to Judge Pritchard's election to Congress.

THE COMING SUFFRAGE CONVENTION.

The Negro Will Demand the Ballot Laws Should Be Enforced.

Long before the Call for the National Suffrage Convention, nothing was mooted at by other negroes as to what would be the best methods to improve the condition of the negroes in this country. The colored man wants the ballot. When he gets that everything else will come to him. It is said that he must divide on party lines. Should the Negro play the fool and support such a man as Gorman, who has declared that the Negro has no rights that the white man must respect? He carried the state of Maryland on that platform. It has been suggested that that a "National Issue" be made of the "Negro Question." The Bee would like to see an Issue made of the Negro Question. It will be no doubt. The Suffrage Convention which is to meet in this city next month will discuss the disfranchisement of the Negro and the duty of the republican party. It is hoped that the people will see to it that the Suffrage Convention will be given their undivided support.

A SOUTH CAROLINA NEGRO HAS SAVED $100,000 WITH WHICH TO COMMENCE.

Richmond, Va., Sept. 9.—I. J. Miller, a Negro of Columbia, South Carolina, said to have saved $100,000, will open an exclusively Negro Department Store on Broad Street, of this city. Negroes will conduct it in all the departments and the innovation will be watched with interest. He har rented No. 528 E. Broad Street, and goods are arriving.—The Star.

NEGROES ACCUSES WHITE MEN.

From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 10—The white men of Chicago in any given length of time, are guilty of social crime more than the entire negro race according to a statement made by the Rev. Mr. Corrothers, a leading colored minister of this city. He made the assertion at the session of the conference of colored leaders, and a committee was appointed to try to show by statistics that his statement was true. J. W. Lyons, Register of the Treasury, also spoke, declaring that his race had been wronged by the numerous lynchings; and advise the Conference to look up the crime in order to show that the punishment was out of proportion to the offenses. Booker T. Washington urged the leaders to work for harmony among the various organizations of negroes.

WHAT INVENTORS HAVE DONE FOR THE NEWSPAPER.

Mechanical composition has had a marked effect on newspaper making The New York Herald, for example has no less than fifty-six linotype machines, doing the work of hundreds o compositors in far less time. The daily press has seized with avidity on these improvements, and has thus worked a revolution in the printing trade, causing a vast increase in the number of printed pages, and instead of 24 pages in 1890, we have occasionally 120 pages of a Sunday in 1903, the departments and supplements being well segregated. The reading matter now presented in even one metropolitan newspaper is not only satisfying to the reader, but in amount is often far beyond his capacity to assimilate. We get all this for five cents, which reflects credit on the management and the "city" and "Sunday" editors of our great dailies. Such excellent newsgathering and presentation is not, however, limited to New York; even Seattle, in far-away Washington, does practically the same thing on a reduced scale.—From Scientific American's Special Number on "Modern Aids to Printing".

DISTRICT SUFFRAGE LEAGUE

Meeting Next Monday Night—Speeches by Prominent Men—Election of Delegates, Etc.

The District Local Suffrage League will hold a public meeting next Monday Evening, in the Galbraith A. M. E. Zion Church, 6th St bet. L and M Sts. Some distinguished gentlemen have been invited to speak. A special musical programme has been prepared by the Executive Committee. Delegates to the National Suffrage Convention, which is to meet December 8th and 15th, will be elected.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Shiloh Baptist Church, L Street bet. 16th and 17th Streets, N. W., have made extensive repairs on their building, and their Auditorium is beautifully decorated. The opening services will commence on Sunday, Nov. 22, 1903, at 11 A. M., and will continue for two weeks, during which time the Pastors of the various denominations will take part in the services. The Bazaar will be held in the lecture room during these exercises, to raise $2,000, to meet the obligation of the new improvement. The many friends and the public in general are cordially invited to assist them in their laudable effort. Rev. J. Anderson Taylor, Pastor.

BUGLE CALLS.

The Chinese government has commenced to send cadets to Germany, instead of, as heretofore, to the military schools of Japan.

The French minister of war has made arrangements for a number of reading rooms for the use of the French soldiers; they are to be supplied with games as well as with newspapers and books. Some doubts are expressed as to whether the soldiers will make use of their opportunities, in view of the fact that the English soldiers, with similar advantages, seem to prefer to visit their sweethearts or spend their time in taverns.

President Diaz of Mexico has immense admiration for that hard-riding, straight-shooting and splendidly trained corps of cavalry, the rurals, and often declares that should occasion arise they would win the admiration of the world. The fighting force of this sister republic is not generally known. The peace strength is 40,000 men; at two weeks' notice 50,000 more, all well-trained, are available, and about 100,000 in addition could be put in the field in another month.

Col. Mills, superintendent of the West Point Academy, has a reputation for sternness. A subordinate off on a furlough sent him this dispatch: "Will not report today, as expected, account unavoidable circumstances." The tone of the message was not at all to Col. Mills' mind, and he wired at once in reply: "Report as expected or give reasons." Within an hour the following message came over the wires, dated from a hospital in New York: "Train off—can't ride; legs off—can't walk. Will not report unless you insist." The colonel did not insist.

Timidity.

He—Why won't you put your head on my shoulder?

She—I'm afraid you won't know what to do afterward.—N. Y. Herald.

Mentally Deficient.

"Is young Tutter so entirely foolish?"

"Well, he hasn't sufficient mental equipment to ever be in danger from parents."—N. Y. Times.

The University Graduate.

"Want a job, eh? What can you do?"

"Well, I can do a hundred-yard dash in 19½."—N. Y. Journal.

They Say

Don't be false to any one.

Be honest and act well towar your friends.

Remember that "honesty is the best policy."

There are some peope who are very jealous.

Some people are false to everyone

The emocratic Party is on the out-look for voters.

Georgia republicans should be careful how they throw.

Two new Judges of the Police court will be appointed.

The white people iu this country will be convinced that they can not select a leader for the negro

The democratic party is organizing.

Senator Gorman may secure the democratic nomination.

In union there is strength for that reason the white people want an apologist to lead the negro race.

The Afro-American council is a thing of the past.

There are to be no office holders members of the suffrage association.

Rev. S. L. Correthers will make a strong president of the new suffrage association.

The sage (?) of Tuskegee will be weighed in the balances and found wanting.

The most successful man in the United States is the one who can succeed.

The colored attney will organize some time in the near future

We do not know it all and it is well to take the advice of our friends.

Think of those who for friends and who will treat you well.

The Business league that met at Nashville Tenn., was a good farce.

The Colored American that was going to swallow the world of news papers made its appearance last week.

It was a hard struggle for life and when it did appear there were many old faces put in to save composition.

A news paper with a circulation of ten thousand ought to be able to withstand chronic dyspepsia.

Look out for the National suffrage association.

Do not imagine that you are the entire country because you have a little money.

W. J. Bryan is a man who thinks he knows it all.

The Evening Star thinks Booker Washington is a great man.

The Star would have a similar opinion of other negro apologists.

Our contemporary should attend to its own business and allow the negro to select his own leader.

The Bee is of the opinion that the negro race is being betrayed.

Senator Hanna is not at all disturbed It is too early to talk about the national chairmanship of any party.

Let us first select a president then let us talk about a chairman

The Bee is the Colored American of this city and the proper Record of events.

It is no Afro-American but a simon pure negro advocate.

It does not believe in the Plan ets, this is a dark Age that needs a Torchlight that will Appeal to the reasons of the people.

This ee needs Christian keep it straight.

The only way to succeed is to succeed.

Let us have qualified suffrage.

There is a division in the ranks of the republican party.

Negroes are easily deceived.

There is a great deal for the negroes to learn.

Why can't colored men unite?

The most successful editor is the one who is able to command the respect of the people.

Have you read The Bee, if not do so at once.

There are lots of frauds in this country.

Lookout for the man who claims to be soliciting cash subscribers for The Bee.

The merchants are warned to look out for a man who claims to represent The Bee.

KEPT IT VERY DARK.

An Important Secret Regarding a Good-Looking, But Not a Good-Seeing, Horse.

A well-known Philadelphia man who is a lover of fine horseflesh, saw a fine buggy horse which he thought he wanted. He located the owner, and asked the price. "One hundred dollars," was the reply. After looking the animal over and trying her speed, he concluded it was a good trade, and at once wrote out a check for the amount. The next day he found that his mare was blind, but this did not hinder her speed or detract from her general appearance. He drove the animal for several weeks, and succeeded in attracting the attention of another lover of horses, who made a proposal to buy.

"Well," said the driver, "I gave $100 for her, but I'll let you have her for $125, if you want to buy."

After looking the animal over, and taking a short drive behind her, the man decided to buy. He paid the money and took the mare. When the animal was unharnessed the first thing she did was to run against a post; then, by way of emphasizing the

"WELL, SHE'S STONE BLIND."

fact that she was blind, she fell over a barrel. The next day the buyer came back with blood in his eye.

"Say, you know that mare you sold me?" he began. "Well, she's stone blind."

"I know it," replied her past owner with an easy air.

"Well, you didn't say anything to me about it," said the purchaser, his face red with anger.

"Well, I'll tell you," replied the other; "that fellow who sold her to me didn't tell me about it, and I just concluded that he didn't want it known."

Bank for Needy Workmen.

A city bank, for the benefit of needy workmen, is to be established in Christiana, Norway. They will loan sums up to about $25, at an annual interest of from three and a half to four per cent. It is intended to check the rapacity of pawnbrokers, whose rates of interest are sometimes as high as 25 per cent.

HEARD IN PARIS.

Vaccination is now compulsory in France during the first year of life, and revaccination during the eleventh and twenty-first years.

Paris thieves, dressed in workmen's blouses and wearing caps similar to those used by men employed in the telephone department of the French post office, call on subscribers and take their instruments away on the pretext that they are out of order.

The question of making the public pay an entrance fee to Paris museums on days again. It is argued that the receipts thus levied will be useful to the administration des Beaux Arts, as an example the Italian and German galleries are given. The Vatican makes $8,000 yearly, the Nuremberg museum a like amount, the Dresden Royal Gallery $5,000, and the British National Portrait Gallery $16,000.

The curious-looking eyeglasses of M. Ribard seem to be gaining favor in France. The lenses, instead of being oval, are in the form of long and narrow rectangular strips, but they are otherwise like ordinary lenses. Their advantages consist in the readiness with which both near and distant objects may be viewed without removing the spectacles. In reading or working the worker looks straight ahead through the lenses, but in looking off he raises or lowers his eyes, seeing over or under the glasses.

Whiskey $1.10 Per Gallon.

We claim to be the *LOWEST PRICED WHISKEY HOUSE.* We really sell whiskey as low as $1.10 per gallon, and mind you; distilled Whiskey—not a decoction of chemicals—but of course it's new and under proof.

"*CASPER'S STANDARD*" 10 Year old whiskey is a liquid joy! It is actually produced by honest Tar Heels in the Mountain Section of North Carolina by the old time process. Every drop is boiled over open furnance wood fires, in old style copper stills, in exactly the same way it was made by your grand-fathers a century ago. First rate whiskey is sold at $5 to $6 per gallon, but it is not any better than *Pe ev ARD* It is the best produced and must pleas ery customer or we will buy it back with gold—we are incorporated Under the Laws of North Carolina, with an authorized capital of $100,000.00 and the Peoples National Bank and Piedmont Savings Bank of Winston-Salem, N. C,. will tell you our guarantee is good. This is old honest, mild and mellow whiskey is worth one dollar a quart, but to more fully introduce "CASPER'S STANDARD" we offer sample shipments of this brand at half price, (packed in plain sealed boxes) 5 Quarts $2.95, 10 Quarts $5.00, Express Prepaid Anywhere in the United States. All orders and remittances (in stamps, cash or by check etc.,) as well as requests for confidential price list *must be addressed as follows*:

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Main Office and Warehouses: No's. 1045-46 Liberty and 1, 3, 4 and 5 Maple Streets.

WHISKEY $1.10 Per Gallon.

The New Manifolding Hammond Typewriter.

PERFECT alignment and impression. Easy of operation. Work in sight. Changeable typeshuttles. The best typewriter for the business or professional man.

In Use By

Miss L. S. Chase,
Dr. Geo. H. Richardson,
P. W. Frisby,
J. L. Walton,
W. C. Chase
and others.

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The Only Complete Housefurnishing Establishment in Washington.

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Have stood the test for sixty years. When buying from us you are buying direct from the manufacturer.

WE HAVE Other MAKES

Take in trade which we can low PRICES

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Mrs. Bacon—Ready and willing are synonymous terms, are they not?

Mr. Bacon—Not always. For instance, you are always willing to go to the theater, but you're not always ready.—Tit-Bits.

Professional Opinion.

Softleigh—I say, doctah, do you—aw—believe that liquor really affects a man's brain?

Physician—Yes, if he has any. Otherwise it affects his legs.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Lights.

"Well, I suppose Rockefeller lives according to his lights."

"I don't know. Sometimes I think other people lights have more to do with it."—Detroit Free Press.

One Woman's Unique Devotion

Texas Widow's Loyalty to Her Husband's Memory Is Touching to the Point of Pathos.

AN Indianapolis young woman whose winters are spent in Texas, where her father has thousands of cattle and acres of grass to feed them on, always brings to the Indianapolis Journal a fund of interesting stories from the Lone Star state.

"The greatest case of woman's devotion to the memory of a dead husband I know of," said she, "is to be found on a big ranch in the foothills of the Sierra Madre mountains. She is a sweet faced English woman who is living a life of sacrifice away from her friends because her husband lies buried in that country. Capt. Follett and wife came to Texas from England and settled on a big ranch. The captain was successful and made money. His wife, a refined and cultured woman, endured the early privations because she was with her husband and because he was doing well. After years of hard work, when they had gathered about them great droves of cattle and had built themselves a luxurious home, the husband was taken suddenly ill and died. His wife, instead of having him buried in a cemetery, had him laid in the ground in the yard in front of their home. The little mound that marked his resting place is still there. Friends came to the assistance of the wife and gave her advice and all the assistance that generous Texans can give.

"At length she settled down to living again absolutely alone and unprotected. She keeps no help on the ranch, as none is needed except when it is necessary to brand her cattle or when they are taken to market. On these occasions she calls in the neighbors. But she has no one living in the house with her and prefers to be alone with her dead—lying there in the yard. Her home is furnished luxuriously. She has a piano and her library and magazines. People visiting her home could scarcely believe from the interior that they were in the very heart of the cattle country, far from civilization. She plays the piano exquisitely, and all the best class of music finds its way into her ranch house. People passing that way late at night are often astonished to hear the sound of a piano played by expert hands coming from the house. She is intensely loyal to her husband's memory. On the piano at the moment of his death was a white duck helmet which he wore on the plains. It lay where he cast it the last day he wore it. It has never been moved from the piano, and the devoted wife will not let it be moved.

"In the rear of the house is a little gate that hangs about half way open. Capt. Follett, the last trip he made through this gate before his illness, left it open and his wife has never allowed it to be closed. It hangs there to-day just as it did when he passed through it the last time. Mrs. Follett is always glad to have people come and see her for a short call, but she

HAT LAY WHERE HE CAST IT.

will not hear of anyone staying with her for the sake of keeping her company. She prefers to be alone out there in the great solitude, living out her life within a few feet of his grave and waiting to join him in the great beyond. That's what I call devotion and faithfulness to the memory of a loved one."

Bruin Is Fond of Partridges

Hunters Tell of the Luck of Bears in Search of Tid-Bits — How Joe Beaudouin Lost His Bird Dinner — Bear Used for Stalking in Place of Cocker Spaniel.

JOE BEAUDOUIN, of Lachine, Canada, was sitting beside the water, not very far from his fire, preparing dinner. The breasts of four plump partridges lay in a frying pan upon the log behind him. The guide was skinning the onions which were to furnish the flavoring to the stew he had in anticipation.

Possibly the pungency of the onions distracted his attention and accounted for his failure to notice the approach of a marauding enemy. But the fact was that when he had washed the onions in the lake, and turned about to take up his meat, there upon the log was his pan still, but, alas! his pan only. Where the tempting little partridge breasts had gone was a problem.

The solution was probably to be found in the direction whence proceeded a sound of breaking boughs. And thither hastened Joe, his woodland instincts leading him to take his ax along with him.

A few steps brought into his range of vision a rascally young bear, a fine enough animal in its way, which was, with manifest delight, crunching the bones of his choice young birds as it lounged along. The bear quickly paid the penalty of its impudence. When the other hunters returned they found Joe complacently frying a very savory dish of bear's liver and smoked bacon with his onions.

The guide was reminiscent over the after-dinner pipe that night. Three years before he had been still-hunting for partridges, an accident with a bear trap having deprived him of the services of his trained spaniel.

As he was creeping along in a promising place he heard the unmistakable flight of partridges into a tree. Dashing up to the spot he dropped two fine specimens from the branches with his double-barreled gun.

Then to his surprise there cantered away from the foot of the tree a big black bear, which had been acting a setter's part for him and the birds. Following the obliging beast his attention was attracted by the chattering of an old cock partridge, which, perched in an old stub, was scolding away, as though quite put out by the tactics of the same bear.

Again Joe fired and killed his bird, and again he noticed that the report accelerated the flight of the bear, which he did not care to pursue further, since he suddenly recollected that his cartridges all contained No. 8 shot only, and as he naively said:

"I seed him was going right straight for where my bear trap was set anyway, and t'ree partridges was plenty for one meal for me 'lone."

It is doubtful if there is another case on record of a bear being used for stalking purposes in the place of a cocker spaniel.

A day or two later, says the New York Sun, the party had further proof of the partiality of Bruin for partridges. To save trouble one fortunate shooting day, a goodly bunch of birds which had been shot were left upon a stump, to be picked up on the way home.

Warned by the quick-eared and sharp-sighted guide, on their return the men approached cautiously near enough to where they had placed the game to enable them to see an old she bear crouching beside the stump chewing away at some of the birds, while near by her youngster stood upright, tossing in the air and playing with another partridge in a very kittenish

BRUIN PAID THE PENALTY.

manner. The frolicsome antics of the cub probably saved the lives of the two bears, for the amused hunters contented themselves with scaring the intruders away.

It will readily be believed, however, that the ever alert partridges are not often secured while alive by such comparatively clumsy hunters as the black bears. One of the party, a man of wide experience, declared that on one occasion a bear sprang suddenly from among rocks into the midst of a covey of young birds, and secured one of them right before his eyes. Another had seen a crafty bear steal up, keeping a tree trunk between him and some partridges resting on a rotten log until near enough to bring down his heavy paw upon the bird nearest to him.

HARMFUL SUN DANCE

Why It May Be Prevented by the Order of Government.

Agitation Caused by Professors Who Watched the Ceremony for Scientific Purposes Will Bring Results.

Investigation by the government of the charges and counter charges that have arisen over the Cheyenne sun dance near Eagle City, Okla., last July, in which Prof. James Mooney, of the Smithsonian institution, and Dr. George Dorsey, of Field's Columbian museum, were accused individually of having paid an Indian the sum of $15 to undergo the torture ceremony, may result in the permanent prohibition of the sun dance among the Indian tribes in Oklahoma.

The sun dance is a religious ceremony and probably was as sacred to Indians in earlier days as are the teachings of Christ to Christians of this day. It has vicious and immoral rites, however, of which the public has little knowledge. These rites are a phase of phallicism, cannot be discussed in print, and for that reason are known only to persons who have made personal investigations. This phallic ceremony was observed at the sun dance at Calumet, Okla., in 1902, and in all probability at the last dance. The Indians regard the ceremony as "medicine" or sacred, and offer no protest. This one feature of the sun dance should cause the government to forbid it.

The sun dance is vrtually a big camp meeting, whch every member of the tribe is supposed to attend. In the old days the "dog" soldiers, or Indians who enforced camp discipline under authority of the chiefs, punished a warrior who refused to attend the sun dance by shooting his ponies and cutting down his lodge. Last summer an Indian who has an allotment near the South Canadian declined to go to the dance. The promoters of the dance dare not destroy his property, but this Indian ever since has been ostracised socially by many members of the tribe.

Attendance at the dance means a month's absence from his allotment and bankruptcy to the average Indian. They neglect their live stock and crops, such as they have, and

WATCHING THE SUN DANCE.
(Prof. Mooney, of Smithsonian Institution, in Foreground.)

spend all the money they can borrow.

Interest in the sun dance among the Cheyenne and Arapahoes had waned gradually till about three years ago, when it was revived through the misinterpretation of a portion of the annual report of Maj. Stouch, then their agent. Maj. Stouch expressed the opinion that the old Indians, whose civilization was hopeless, should be permitted to hold an annual sun dance, as it possessed a religious significance for them, and was their most solemn form of worshiping the Great Spirit, the Indians' conception of God. His recommendation was distorted, and the news spread among the Indians that the officials in Washington wished them to revive the sun dance.

The grafters in the tribes saw an opportunity to make money by charging admission, and the dance was soon in full blast. A few of the other Indians saw the futility of reviving the dance. An old chief said that he could not understand the policy of the officials in Washington.

"Once," he said, "we were told that the sun dance was bad, and that the Indian should follow a new way, the white man's way. We started on the white man's way, and then we were told that the Indians' way was not crooked, and that we could follow it for a while. The ways seem to have crossed. Which one shall we follow?"

The Kansas City Star states that the purpose and significance of the sun dance in the old days may be seen in this prayer to the Great Spirit delivered by the noted Chief Little Raven, at the beginning of a sun dance many years ago, the translation being given by a man who heard the prayer: "We have disobeyed our 'medicine;' our tribe has not followed the straight way; sickness and hunger have come to our women and children and many have died.

"Do not let the punishment fall upon the women and children who are weak and unable to bear it. Hurt not our young men who are strong and willing to undergo penance and torture that health and plenty may be restored to the tribe. The buffalo are gone, but we followed crooked ways, and because of our bad hearts the game was taken from us. Hear us, behold the torture of our young men, and relieve our afflictions."

BUILT AROUND A TREE.

From the Roof of an Old Barn in Kennebunk, Me., Rises a Fine Old Elm.

Its broad and beautifully shaded streets are a feature which strongly appeals to the many summer tourist who visit Kennebunk, Me. Every one of the thoroughfares leading through the business center of the town, locally known as Mausam village, is bordered on both sides by stately elms and spreading maples. Summer street, for the half-mile between the Boston and Maine station and the town house corner, at the eastern end of the village, is almost a continuous line of shade, the tree tops touching, only the center of the street being reached by the sun's rays.

On Main street, opposite the Ocean bank, stand six lofty elms that were planted the day of the battle of Lexington. The Lexington elms they are called. They were crippled in the ice storm of

THE STORER BARN.
(Built Around a Big Tree to Save It from Destruction.)

1885, but have nearly recovered their shapeliness.

The most remarkable trees within the town are located on the old Storer place, near the site of the shoe factory which was burned last spring. One of these is known as the Lafayette elm. When Gen. Lafayette made his carriage tour from Massachusetts to Maine he tarried a day in Kennebunk. He was entertained by Squire Storer and his aristocratic dame, who was a Cutts, of Virginia.

A garden party was given in his honor, all the village folks attending, and dinner was served under the shade of this great elm, whose spreading branches to-day cover more territory than those of any other known tree in this section of the state.

The Storer mansion is now owned by the heirs of William Parsons, whose family occupied it many years. After his death his sons, who had acquired wealth in business, passed their summers here.

The house is a large, square, roomy structure, whose timbers, hewed a century ago, are as sound to-day as the trunks of the great trees which border the estate. Behind the house is a curiosity which hundreds of persons come here annually to see.

Years ago Mr. Parsons enlarged the Storer barn, and, not wishing to destroy an elm that stood in the way of the proposed enlargement, built around it. The great branches of the tree project through the roof of the barn, and tower more than 50 feet above it. Sheets of lead, made fast under the shingles, so closely circle the branches as to prevent leaking. These sheets of lead have to be occasionally readjusted to allow for the growth of the tree. Lattice work extending nearly to the eaves allows the tree trunk contact with air and sunshine.

MISS GLADYS DEACON.

Rumor Has This Beautiful American Girl Engaged to the Rich Duke of Norfolk.

Miss Gladys Deacon, who, it is again rumored, is engaged to the Duke of Norfolk, earl marshal of England, has won notoriety by reports of her engagements to various European nobles and also to the crown prince of Germany. The latter affair, which was sensationally exploited in the Paris papers during August, 1902 is said to

MISS GLADYS DEACON.
(American Beauty Reported to Be Engaged to Duke of Norfolk.)

have caused violent scenes between the emperor and his son. Miss Deacon, who is a handsome and vivacious girl, is the daughter of Edward Parker Deacon, who, February 17, 1892, at Cannes, France, shot and killed Edward Abeille, a wealthy Frenchman, whom he believed to be the lover of Mrs. Deacon. Deacon served a short term in a French prison for the crime, and died in an insane asylum at Somerville, Mass., in 1901.

Tartar Emigrants.

From St. Petersburg come reports of an unceasing flow of Tartar emigration to Constantinople from the Crimea.

WRATH OVER ALASKA

May Cause Canada to Adopt Policy of Retaliation.

Premier Laurier Will Formulate Demand for Independent Treaty Power—Backed by United Support of His Party.

Laurier's trumpet call for treaty making power independently of England goes like wildfire wherever the government has followers throughout the Canadian dominion. The prime minister means business. He is supported on this great national and imperial issue by a solid cabinet. The rank and file of his party from the Atlantic to the Pacific stand shoulder to shoulder with him.

It is bad policy at such a moment for a paper like the London Globe to charge Laurier with disloyalty. If proof of Laurier's backing is needed, it is to be found to overflowing in columns usually regarded as the organs of the political party at present in power in Ottawa.

In the same issue that carried the news to the people of Canada that Laurier had declared in connection with the Alaskan award that Canada as a dependency of the British crown did not enjoy powers sufficient for the maintenance of her rights appeared prompt editorial endorsement of the notice thus served on England.

The liberal mouthpiece in the capital started off with the announcement that sufficient was known to "warrant the belief the interests of Canada are not safe in the hands of the imperial ministers, who seem to be incapable of appreciating the colonial viewpoint in disputes that arise with foreign nations, and more especially with the United States. Like the ill-fated Stuarts, the British ministers seem to learn nothing and forget nothing, and their diplomacy, as it stands revealed, is apparently as full of sinuosities as the Yukon coast line." This utterance serves as a fair sample of what Canada is hearing from leading exponents of liberal opinion in all the provinces of Canada.

Opposition opinion condemns the leader of the government for ill considered impetuosity in the matter, and anticipates he will find some difficulty in receding with dignity from his position. It has been known here for a long time Sir Wilfrid felt strongly on the subject of Canadian independence of Great Britain in regard to the treaty making powers, but it was hardly supposed he would

SIR WILFRID LAURIER.
(Premier of Canada Who Is Sore Over the Alaska Decision.)

have shown his hand so soon. It must be remembered, however, that Laurier and his ministers have time and time again chafed under restrictions imposed by Downing street in the publication of official papers which would have shown the people of Canada and England an attitude on the part of both governments greatly different to that in which they were for a time in deference to the exigencies of the imperial authorities made to appear.

The Chicago Tribune says that among the suggestions airily thrown out in connection with the Alaskan award to Uncle Sam are: A tariff wall against United States products, an all-Canadian railway route to divert traffic from the American ports of Dyea and Skagway in the Alaskan strip to Canada, the burning of Lord Alverstone in effigy, and a welcome to Aylesworth and Jette, the Canadian commissioners at the boundary conference in London on their return to Canada, with features that will raise it to the dignity of a national demonstration. To which suggestions may be tacked on the cheerful assurance of the Hamilton Spectator that the man who talks reciprocity with the United States to-day takes his life in his hands.

Even that circumspect government organ, the Toronto Globe, in going over to the crowd of journalistic scoffers, condescended to remark, with reference to the consoling reflection of the London Financial Times that "Canada got something," that "Canadians influenced by the tendencies of an age of slang will be inclined to add, 'in the neck.'" The opposition paper in the capital gayly remarks that it now remains for Canada to put up a barricade "and trim over Uncle Samuel to the tune of $100,000,000 a year of imports."

Nothing Left But Bunghole.

Some workmen in Rosedale, Kan., while excavating, discovered a barrel of whisky, which had been buried for over 40 years. The villagers quickly sampled it, smacked their lips and pronounced it good. In less than two hours only the bunghole of the cask was left.

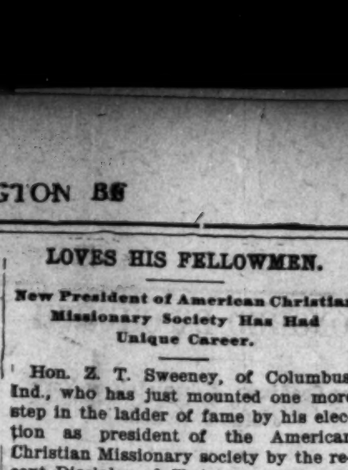
Danger in Rubber Tires.

The rubber tires on the hansom cabs in Berlin make the movement of the vehicles so noiseless that many pedestrians have been injured. A recent ordinance compels these cabs to carry bells, that the constant jingling may warn the people who are on foot.

LOVES HIS FELLOWMEN.

New President of American Christian Missionary Society Has Had Unique Career.

Hon. Z. T. Sweeney, of Columbus, Ind., who has just mounted one more step in the ladder of fame by his election as president of the American Christian Missionary society by the recent Disciples of Christ convention at Detroit, is a man of many parts. For many years he was a noted preacher; then he took to the lecture platform and is now one of the speakers most in demand. President Harrison appointed Mr. Sweeney United States consul at Constantinople, where the sultan conferred upon him distinctions seldom granted to any foreigner and made him, upon his return to this country, imperial Ottoman commissioner to the Chicago World's Fair. Despite these honors Gen. Sweeney is no admirer of the sultan, who, he says, regards his



HON. Z. T. SWEENEY.
(President of the American Christian Missionary Society.)

religious leadership as caliph of the Mohammedans as of more importance than his imperial position as sultan. The Turk, declares Gen. Sweeney, has a hatred of everything Christian, and there will never be peace in the near East until he is driven out of Europe.

Gen. Sweeney comes of a noted family. His father and his grandfather were preachers before him. They early joined the ranks of those who abandoned human creeds in the great rent that occurred when the Disciples of Christ began their separate history in 1809. Two of his brothers, too, chose the pulpit as their life work. For a quarter of a century he himself was pastor of the Christian church at Columbus, Ind., but now divides his time between special preaching and lecture work and looking after the game and fish of Indiana, the commissionership of which he holds.

ROBERTS WILL RESIGN.

King Edward Determined to Make His Brother Chief Commander of British Army.

There is a report at the London military clubs that Lord Roberts has tendered his resignation as commander-in-chief of the British army. Lord Roberts had an interview with the king during the week, and it is reported he discussed his resignation with his majesty and the condition of the affairs of the war office. Lord Roberts is anxious to resign for, it is said, he realizes he is too old to undertake the task of introducing and administering the many reforms proposed in the war office.

After his retirement he will visit the United States. While he is a gallant soldier he has been a failure as a military executive. The army despairs of seeing the needed reforms in

DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.
(King Edward Wants Him for Chief of the British Army.)

the war office instituted until Lord Kitchener takes charge.

It is generally believed that the king will try to force his brother, the Duke of Connaught, on the country as commander-in-chief when Lord Roberts retires. Such action will be unpopular but the king has recently shown many signs of being willing and able to use the mailed fist to attain his ends.

Pipe-Filling as a Profession.

There are few ways of earning an honest penny more strange than that in which an old couple in the North of England eke out a scanty income. Their little cottage is situated near a large mine, and every morning the colliers before descending to their work leave their pipes and tobacco boxes in the hands of the old folk. The pipes are cleaned and filled ready for lighting, and the miners can come up at the dinner hour and enjoy a good smoke without having to expend time in charging their pipes. They are again left to be in readiness for the evening. The small weekly charge per pipe mounts into a respectable number of shillings at the week's end.

HE ATE HIMSELF UP.

Truthful Story of a Little Yellow Dog, Called Bismarck.

Chewed His Way Back Home Again After His Master Had Given Him to His Friend Bug Buckley, the Iceman.

The New York Sun tells this story of a yellow dog which one of its reporters saw in an Avenue A delicatessen shop. Judging from his size and shape some one of his remote ancestors may have had a leaning toward the fox terrier species. Aside from that he was just a plain dog.

From time to time he glanced up at the delicatessen man and wagged his little stump of a tail.

"Why, there's Bismarck," said a customer. "I thought you'd given him away."

"I am ashamed to tell you dot you are rightt," said the delicatessen man, gazing fondly at the dog. "I did give him avay. But he would not stay gived.

"I gived him again avay, but again he vould not stay. At last I gived him again und again und again avay, und even locked all der doors. But love like Bismarck's vill always find a vay to give lockschmidts der merry ha-ha. Vonce more he comed back.

"Den vhen I find out how strong a affection has dot leetle dog for me, I don't care vedder he stays avay or doesn't. I vouldn't give him avay even if he did.

"How did he get in by der door vhen he couldn't? He didn't. I vill tell you how:

"I give him avay to Bug Buckley, der iceman, but vhen Bug was not lookin' Bismarck sneaks off, und der first ting I knowed he comes running into der store, und jumps up and down all over me mit gladness.

"I hated to do it, but vhen I vonct give avay something I don't take it back. So I picked Bismarck by der collar up und took him again to dot Buckley man.

"Vell, sir, to cut a long story short, dot leetle Bismarck comed running back five or four times more.

"'Next time, by Chimminy,' I told myself, "I vill lock dot door vhen he comes back to get in.'

"Und I did.

"It broke my heart so der vay he whined und wagged his tail dot I really

"HE EATED HIS WAY UP."

couldn't stand it, I vent upstairs by my room vere I couldn't see him.

"Pretty soon I don't hear him wagging or whining any more, und I t'ink maybe he has went avay. So I creeped downstairs again, und sure enough, dere isn't any Bismarck outside.

"I vas standing dere vondering to myself vedder I vas sorry or glad about it, vhen all of a sudden down der stairs —ter-r-rup, ter-r-rup, ter-r-rup! — und der first t'ing I knowed dot leetle Bismarck dog vas jumping all up and down me again, und licking my face.

"Now, how der deffle do you t'ing dot leetle dog got upstairs vhen der front door vas locked? I never knowed a dog dot climbed, did you? I vould find out.

"I took him out by der collar und locked der door again. Den I made believe I go upstairs again, but I sneaked back to vhere he didn't know I vas looking, und peeked out.

"Pretty soon alretty he goes avay from der door und begins sniffing around vone of dem strings of sausage vat I have hanging by der awning frame.

"All of a sudden he makes a quick bite at der bottom sausage und—vould you believe it?—dot leetle dog eated his vay all der vay up to der top und jumped in by my second-story window quicker dan you say Johann Robinson.

"Vhen I told dot Buckley man about it, he said I could keep my old dog; dot he vouldn't have a dog vot vas a cannibal, anyhow.

"But I don't care how much he insults my sausages. He can't make me mad. I got my leetle dog again."

A Watch Is Useless There.

Moscow seems to be a city where nobody knows with any degree of certainty what time it is. Arthur Symons in his new book on "Cities," says that no two clocks in Moscow agree; even in the best hotels a clock will solemnly strike three a quarter of an hour before its neighbor strikes seven. The confusion is increased by the fashion of sticking up dummy clocks in the streets as advertisements. The maddening moment comes when you have to catch a train in Moscow. The railway timetables are worked on St. Petersburg time, which differs by half an hour from Moscow time. When you are told that the St. Petersburg express leaves at nine o'clock, you are in doubt as to whether it leaves at 8:30, 9 or 9:30, by your carefully adjusted watch.

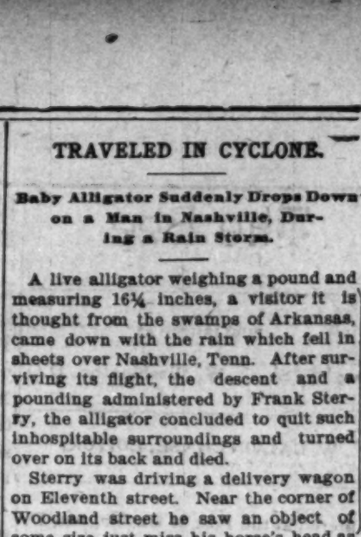
TRAVELED IN CYCLONE.

Baby Alligator Suddenly Drops Down on a Man in Nashville, During a Rain Storm.

A live alligator weighing a pound and measuring 16¼ inches, a visitor it is thought from the swamps of Arkansas, came down with the rain which fell in sheets over Nashville, Tenn. After surviving its flight, the descent and a pounding administered by Frank Sterry, the alligator concluded to quit such inhospitable surroundings and turned over on its back and died.

Sterry was driving a delivery wagon on Eleventh street. Near the corner of Woodland street he saw an object of some size just miss his horse's head as it fell in the road. The horse stopped in his tracks, nearly throwing Sterry from his seat. Thinking that a trace had broken, Sterry climbed from the wagon to find at his horse's feet a live alligator. The little reptile had fallen in a stream of rain water and was very much alive.

"I thought it was a water dog or some new kind of a snake," said Sterry, "and hit him with my whip. He tried to bite



HIT HIM WITH A WHIP.

me and then I hit him with rocks. I didn't kill him, though. At last I got his head between two sticks and carried him on to the store. Everybody said it was an alligator and I put him in a pan of water. One fellow offered me 50 cents for him before he died, but I wouldn't take it."

The alligator died in about two hours, having been transferred meanwhile to a glass jar and placed on exhibition in a store window.

The alligator was properly marked in every way, though its skin was almost as pliable as a kid glove.

Maj. H. C. Bate, section director of the weather bureau, who is a close observer of meteorological phenomena, when told of the alligator, said that there were numerous instances on record of frogs and fish being precipitated during a shower, but he had never before heard of an alligator coming down.

TRIED HARD TO FLY.

Indiana Man Inspired with Hope Because He Didn't Get Killed the First Time.

Charles Scrogham, who lives three miles south of Nashville, Ind., made an unsuccessful attempt to fly over Nashville with a flying machine built after his own ideas. Scrogham is 37 years old, and since boyhood has been a flyer of kites and balloons.

Two years ago he began making a machine with which he hoped to fly, the contrivance to be strapped about his body. He worked patiently during the two years and several times thought he had successfully solved the problem of

SCROGHAM JUMPED OFF.

flying through the air, but his attempts were failures.

He did not give up, but continued making improvements, and a few weeks ago climbed upon the house where he lives and jumped off. He came down slowly to the ground. The effort fired him with hope, and he came to Nashville and spread the word that he was going to start from Weed Patch Hill Saturday night and fly over the town. He said he would start at dark, and would carry a lantern. He said he thought he would tell the people about it, so they would know what was going over the town and would not shoot at him.

He made the attempt from a high cliff. After he jumped he was found far below with an arm broken and other injuries, while the flying machine was a wreck. The machine had two large wings, made of muslin, which were fastened to his arms. Scrogham will make changes in his machine as soon as he is able to work on it.

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The National Socialogical Society.

In his masterly address at the Metropolitan A. M. E. Church during the last meeting of the Convention whose name appears at the head of this article, the Rev. Dr. Algernon Crapsey said: "When I received the circular announcing his meeting, and saw the many syllabled name that had been given it, I came near exclaiming in the language of another, "What in the hell is this?" Choose a simple, short name that will mean something to all the people. One of the failings of colored men is that they are too fond of long words." The Reverend Doctor was right. This long and incomprehensible name was chosen for the purpose of concealing beneath an abundant verbiage the burning ambition of a few conceited persons to be appointed on a commission which Congress will be asked to create to inquire into conditions which are already known by every person having the least pretension of general information. The condition of the colored people of the United States is a matter of general, all most universal knowledge. What is needed is not a piling up of facts, or a duplication of facts a ready collected by different Bureaus of the Government, but legislative, executive and judicial action pertaining to those facts. The Negro is denied his civil and political rights. There is no dispute about this. It is known by all men. The twelth census tells us how many negroes there are in this country twenty-one years of age and upwards. The registration lists of the states show how many are registered voters. The difference between these two numbers is the number disfranchised. Every fool knows this, except possibly the fools who believe they can persuade Congress to authorize a useless commission to inquire into te condition of the colored people. The twelth census also tells us the number of negro illiterates, and it also tells us the material resources of the states where these illiterates are found. Here is sufficient information upon which to base an argument for national aid to common school education. Why delay action for two or thaee years to gather fact that already exist in a more accurate form than any commission can put them? But why argue th is t her The whole thing carries on its face the selfish and sinister motives of those who conceived it. The only practical and sensible thing done by the Convention was the a[illegible]t ment of a committee, on motion of the Hon. George C. Gorham, to request the Attorney General to appear in the Alabama cases, and uphold the Constitution of the United States. In fact take away from the affair the contributions of Messrs. Mayo, Bab[illegible], [illegible]nd [illegible]n, [illegible]d there remains only puerility and asininity. Vale, National Socialogical Society.

Is the President Justified?

While it is not the desire of The Bee to criticise the President, but it does think that the President went a little too far when he attempts to criticise the Jury System of this city when he said that it is the duty of men who serve on the jury to convict those men who have been charged with conspiracy and bribery in the Post Office. These men have not been tried as yet. Only one side has been heard. Must men go into the jury box with their minds made up, merely to satisfy the President? Seems to us that the editorial in the *Daily Post* of November 18th would be sufficient grounds to carry any conviction, of those charged, to the Court of Appeals or to the Supreme Court. The jurors are prejudiced before they enter the box.

Col. Andrew Gleason is out of politics. He has been a true and tried republican.

The colored democracy of New York will be recognised by the new mayor. Mr. Ralph Langston is at the head of the organization, since the untimely death of CalebSimms. Mr. Langston is a brillia man.

The Bee is of the opinion that it is about time for the District government to recognize the colored citizen.

There are certain officers on the Metropolitan police force who continue to use their clubs on the negroes head. Repeated lectures from their superior officers don't seem to have any effect.

The national committee will hold its next meeting at the Arlington hotel December 11th. A place for holding thenext republican convention will be decided upon.

There is no reason that Postmaster Merrit should not be reappointed. He has made an efficient officer and a fair one. He has also given the people of this city excellent mail service. It is hoped that the President will reappoint him.

There are more quasi politicians, would be educators otherwise office holders pure and simple, have more advice to give as a solution of the Negro problem than can fill the history of the United States. If these self constituted advisers would remain at their desks, those who know and want suffrage will thank the disturbers of the rights of the negro.

The Bee favors qualified suffrage throughout the United States for the nationalities who don't understand the Constitution. We favor the separate car law for the filthy whites as well as for the filthy blacks, and equal accommodations for all good and respectable citizens irrespective of color.

Just as The Bee predicted that the movers of this Sociological farce wanted offices. There are certain played out Negroes in this country who are no use to themselves and less to the race, who are continually bobbing up for something. Why should we have a Negro commission? The United States government knows more about the Negro's condition than he knows himself. If you would want one of the fugitive andself appointed commissioners to inform us of the condition in bloodfield, South Washington this city, he could tell you. This high sounding named association has come, gone and died. The so called executive committee or commission will occasionly spring up and publish that it has discovered a gnat n the throat of some southern refugee.

Rudeness Proved Expensive.

Claus Spreckles, the sugar king, has just made a San Francisco capitalist pay $6,000,000 for being disobliging. The capitalist is president of a gas and electric company. Smoke from the company's plant annoyed Mr. Spreckles and he went to the president and asked him to abate the nuisance. The president was extremely curt to Mr. Spreckles. To avenge himself for the affront put upon him Spreckles established a rival gas and electric plant at a cost of $4,000,000 and began cutting rates. Prices were brought down to one-fourth what they were when the old company had the monopoly. At length the man went to Mr. Spreckles and begged for quarter. Spreckles' terms were to be bought out at the price of $6,000,000, and to these terms the disobliging capitalist had to assent.

HONORED BY CHURCH

New Coadjutor Bishop of New York a Man of Action.

Future Head of the Episcopal Church in the Eastern Metropolis Does Not Defer to Clerical Idea of Dress.

David Hummell Greer, coadjutor elect to Bishop Potter, of New York, refused three bishoprics before he was chosen to fill his new office. He might have been the successor of the late Phillips Brooks as bishop of Massachusetts, and he was later elected coadjutor-bishop of Rhode Island and bishop of Pennsylvania. All these honors he declined.

The New York Sun says that nobody, to look at him, would ever think of him as a bishop, or, for that matter, as a priest. There is nothing clerical in his appearance.

A successful physician or banker, yes, or a merchant, he might be, if one judged from his appearance. But in the slight wiry man, wearing a mustache and dressed in a black cutaway suit, there is little to suggest to the spectator the head of the second most important parish of the Episcopal church in this city.

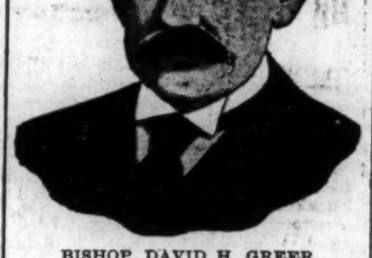
He defers to the traditional idea of clerical dress only in the use of a black necktie, which is a narrow four-in-hand without a pin. He has been known even to wear a colored tie.

Bishop Doane of Albany in his shovel hat and leggings represents one type of bishop in the comprehensive Episcopal body. Certainly Bishop-elect Greer represents the antithesis of that more conservative cleric, with all kinds of bishops intervening between these two extremes.

If he did not live in the rectory adjoining St. Bartholomew's church it might be said that the new bishop-elect's way of life did not in its external aspects distinguish him from other God-fearing, prosperous New York citizens. His two daughters are in society and his sons are members of New York clubs.

The summer home of the family is at Easthampton, and there they are active in the gayeties of the New York colony. Dr. Greer has always been one of the most popular summer residents of the place.

He has been the rector of the most fashionable and richest of New York's



BISHOP DAVID H. GREER.
(Recently Elected Coadjutor to Bishop Potter, of New York.)

Episcopal parishes—not richer than Trinity with its accumulated millions, but possessing greater wealth in relation to its size. It was largely through the initiative of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt that Dr. Greer was called from Providence to take charge spread attention in the diocese.

The Vanderbilt family have always been loyal in its devotion to him, and there are many other families among the richest in New York that belong to the congregation which on one Sunday morning contributed to a charity more than $90,000 in one collection. Pew rents there are naturally among the highest in the city and are said to be $3,000 in some cases.

The bishop-elect came to New York city from Providence, where he had been for sixteen years rector of Grace church. He had served before that time at Clarksburg, W. Va., where for two years he was rector of Christ church, and at Covington, Ky., where, while at Trinity church, he became a popular preacher and attracted widespread attention in the diocese.

He was born at Wheeling, W. Va., on March 20, 1844, and was graduated from Washington college, at Washington, Pa., in 1862. He studied theology in the Episcopal seminary at Gambier, O. From Brown university and Kenyon college he received the titles of doctor of divinity and doctor of laws.

His popularity in Providence was as great as it became later in New York.

St. Bartholomew's is one of the "Low" churches, although there is a fine choir there and the music has been noted for years. The organ is one of the finest in New York.

The decorations, consisting altogether of frescoes and stained glass, are of the grandest order, and on the white marble altar is a beautiful jewelled cross made in the Byzantine fashion, which is the style of the whole church. Dr. Greer's assistants have always devoted their time chiefly to the work of the parish church.

Knocked Senseless by Fish.

A huge tarpon leaped from the water in Timbalier bay, La., beside the canoe in which Albert Lefert was slowly drifting, and so violently whacked him in the breast with its tail that he was knocked senseless and reeled overboard. He was rescued by some friends, but was so injured he was forced to take to his bed.

PRISONER IS HAUNTED.

Colored Man, Charged with Killing His Wife, Believes She Has Returned to Life.

"Officer, don't let that woman touch me. The woman wants to kill me. Take her away; oh, take her away!"

This was the terrified cry of William Tieman, a colored prisoner at Central station, Cincinnati, O., the other night, as he crouched in a corner of his cell and strove to fend off the blows of an imaginary foe.

Tieman was arrested on a charge of killing his wife, who died from in-

"TAKE HER AWAY!"

juries received during one of her periodical brawls with her husband. For a time Tieman seemed unconcerned, but one night he seemed suddenly to go mad and screamed to Jailers Hughes and Pfeiffer to protect him from his wife, who, he claimed, had made her way into the cell and was attacking him with a mallet.

At times the man became so violent that the jailers feared that he might injure himself. On other occasions he cowered in a corner of his cell, and pressing his body close against the iron bars, implored the officers to drive away his assailant.

"See her eyes blaze," he shrieked. "She's going to kill me. She's coming nearer. Oh, my God take her away."

Hour after hour the man struggled through his imaginary battle. At times he went over the scene of his battle with his wife, which took place in the cellar of their home. On other occasions he imagined that he was struggling in the alley near their home, where his wife received the internal injuries that caused her death.

Leprosy in Philippines.

Leprosy is common among the Filipinos. There are about 12,000 lepers in the Philippines.

MISTAKEN FOR ROBBERS.

Two Girls Have Narrow Escape from Being Shot as the Result of a "Surprise" Prank.

Miss Lorene Keller and Miss Grace Clark, two young women, of Mishawaka, Ind., who are well known in local society, had a narrow escape from being shot for burglars at 11:30 o'clock at night at the home of J. F. Gaylor, a wealthy real estate man. They were working out a scheme to surprise Miss Ethler Burnett. The two young women had attended a meeting of the literary, and were on their way home with Earl J. W. Fink and R. Percy Wines.

The four thought that Miss Burnett was at home alone, her sister, Mrs. Gaylor, and husband, having gone to Chicago, and they concluded to surprise the lonesome girl. They opened a window, and the two men helped the young women to the sill.

Miss Burnett, when without a key, had on several occasions entered the same house through a kitchen, and her chums were aware of this.

But the quartette selected the wrong window, and this led the two girls into the sleeping room of Mr. and Mrs. Gaylor, who had returned three hours before they were expected. As the little forms of the two glided through the window,

GAYLOR SEIZED HIS GUN.

Mr. Gaylor seized his revolver, and was about to shoot, when his wife seized his arm.

At the sound of his voice Miss Keller made her escape through the window, while Miss Clark ran through the house like a frightened deer. Upon reaching the front door, with Mr. Gaylor in pursuit, she succeeded in unlocking it and escaping before overtaken by the armed man in scanty attire. The entire neighborhood was aroused by the screams of the two fair intruders, and hasty explanations were made.

Chicago Has Shakespearean Parrot

Windy City Believers in Reincarnation See in This Bird the Soul of a Disappointed Actor—Hamlet His Favorite Play, But He Likes to Quote from Others.

In a private menagerie owned by J. B. Shank, of Chicago, there is a pure white parrot of beautiful proportions which is attracting much attention among scientists.

Is the soul of some long-gone actor captive in the body of this parrot? Can the immortal William himself be visiting us, impelled by longings for the vaudeville stage, where acting goes on forever? Is the theory of reincarnation on the eve of absolute confirmation?

"'Tis now the very witching hour of night," mutters the parrot in sepulchral tones, as he tilts up on his perch. "To be, or not to be—that is the question." Then, his mood changing, he shrieks with mad laughter and calls out: "There's rosemary, that's for remembrance," and dances with satanic glee up and down his cage, while he sings "Bonny Sweet Robin is All My Joy."

Up to the last few weeks the parrot was as the other parrots, restless, yet reserved, haughtily interested in his food, plucking noisily at the bars of his cage, flinging occasional epithets at his companions in a raucous voice, and treating too familiar visitors wth supercilious scorn.

Then all at once his appearance and demeanor changed. He became as another—shall we say—person? His

THE CLASSICAL PARROT.
(Hamlet His Favorite Play, But He Quotes from Others Also.)

feathers grew smoother, brighter, developed an unusual luster; his size increased, his eyes brightened as if with teeming thoughts, and he retired to a perch in the back of his cage and sat there all day brooding.

One day, when the sun was shining outside and the cool breeze was blowing, a big farmer lad, escorting his sweetheart, was saying, timidly, "Hey, Poll," to a cockatoo, who disdained to answer, and the blue and green parrot was yelling "Get out!" to two little boys who were surreptitiously poking him with pencils while they thought the keeper wasn't looking, and a studious man, wearing glasses, was taking notes as to the number of feathers in the wing of the biggest eagle; all were electrified by the harsh cry: "I know his gait; 'tis he! Villain, thou diest!"

The little boys ran out and were seen no more; the sweetheart grew faint and had to be supported; the studious man dropped his notebook and his glasses, and the keeper dropped his jaw, while his glassy eye roved around in an effort to find from what quarter the startling cry emanated.

All were reassured when "William," as he was now to be known, was seen puffing out his feathers and strutting up and down the front of his cage repeating: "What ho, within! A dream itself is but a shadow. Nay, look not so upon me!" and so on with further phrases from the immortal bard, delivered in the purest English, with many a gesticulation of head and wing.

The studious man quickly recovered his equanimity, his notebook and his glasses, while the keeper picked up his jaw, spat nonchalantly and the two joined forces and proceeded to investigate.

"No doubt the bird has been in the possession of an actor and has unconsciously committed the lines to memory while hearing him rehearse, the knowledge lying latent until some fortuitous concourse of circumstances has brought it to the fore, and—" learnedly began the studious man.

This theory was immediately refuted by the keeper, who, consulting a book, found from the records that the bird had been bought from a Swede who could neither read nor write, even in his own language, let alone English. The bird had been in his family for 35 years, his grandfather having bought him for an old horseshoe from a deaf and dumb Cuban, who 15 years before had traded a string of glass beads for him to a native of Venezuela, who had caught him in his native forest by baiting a trap with a bit of the gilded back of an old book.

No advance from the first decisive though somewhat hasty conclusion was made by the many experts who studied the problem, until some thoughtful believers in reincarnation advanced the opinion that here is a bona fide example of the truth of their teachings.

Long ago, it is held by the sticklers for this theory, a poverty-stricken but talented actor wandered for years from one end of England to another striving to gain a hearing before the footlights. Kept from his rightful place by the jealousy of companions less talented but more ingratiating than he, he kept ever hugged to his breast, inside his shabby coat, a beautiful copy of Shakespeare with a gilded cover, every word of which he had committed to memory.

Wandering one day by the seashore, poring over his beloved book, by chance his foot hit against a stone; he stumbled, the precious volume fell from his grasp into the sea and was lost forever from his view. Shortly after the unfortunate actor died and his restless spirit found a home in the form of some beast or bird.

Forty times since then had he been transformed, but never had he found a voice until he was lured to this parrot by the subtle influence of the bit of gilded book cover that in his ancestral forest had attracted the bird; this was a bit of the copy of Shakespeare washed by the waters of the Venezuelan shores and found there by the hermit after long years.

A most ingenious theory is this, and one in which no one has as yet found a flaw. As to what time will do in the matter of refutation or confirmation no one can tell. In the meantime the wiseacres rest somewhat content while awaiting further developments.

FOR GIRL AT THE SEASIDE.

Don't sit in the hammock too many hours a day. You will, says the Chicago Tribune, get the hammock face and the hammock walk after awhile.

Don't worry the life out of the clerk begging for letters. If you can't stand a few days' separation without a letter every five minutes go back to town.

Don't promise to marry a man just because he tells you about his gold bonds and his race horses and his automobile. Smile and say, softly: "I'm from Missouri."

Don't take possession of the piano. The landlord of the hotel expected several other guests at his house during the summer besides yourself, and he did not intend to present the instrument to you.

Don't snub patient Sammy, the little college freshman, at the big hop on Saturday night, when all the men from town come out. Remember that the men go back to town Monday morning, but little Sammy stays.

Don't forget yourself when you have your bathing suit on and jump into the water. Sit around on the sand three or four hours and then go down and put one toe in the water, giggle convulsively: "O, dear, but the water is cold," and then return to the hotel and dress for dinner.

This Hobo Was a Hero.

A heroic rescue was made by a tramp near Peru, Ind. An old man was walking along a railroad track near that place, and did not hear the whistle of a fast express. A tramp jumped from the trucks of a passing freight, pushed the old man from the track, and jumped back onto the freight train almost before the man realized the danger he had been in.

Strength in Vegetable Diet.

The strongest animals are all vegetarians, the elephant being the most powerful, and the rhinoceros and the ox next. The swiftest, the horse and antelope, are also vegeterians. Vegetarian creatures also live much longer than meat-eaters.

BISHOP D. S. TUTTLE.
(Senior Dignitary of the Episcopal Church in America.)

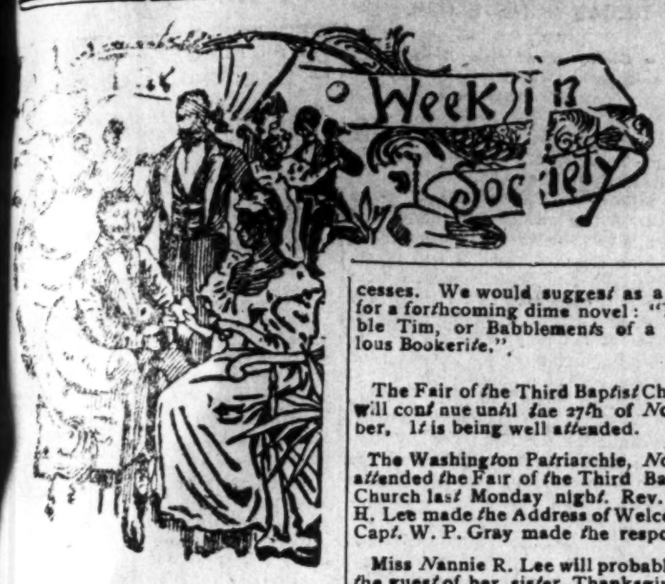
Bishop Tuttle was consecrated back in 1867. Were he to die the presiding bishop would be the aged Bishop Morris, of Oregon, and the inconvenience of having the head of affairs in a state so distant is apparent. Next after Bishop Morris, in point of seniority, is Bishop Doane, of Albany, and then come Bishops Huntington, of Central New York, and Whitaker of Pennsylvania. It is reckoned certain by those in position to know that some younger prelate will be chosen before many years have passed. There will be cries of pope, it is predicted, but the selection is bound to come, so it is held.

Will Not Take a Pardon.

Among the prisoners in the jail at Frankfort, Germany, there is a barber who has been confined in it for half a century. He was accused of having cut the throat of a man whom he was shaving. He has always protested his innocence and has repeatedly refused his pardon because it was offered only on condition of his confessing his guilt.

Tea Leaves Stain Carpets.

It is unwise to use tea leaves for laying the dust when sweeping a light-colored carpet, unless they have previously been rinsed in water; otherwise the carpet may be badly stained.



Dr. Geo. H. Richardson has been quite ill.

Col. W. A. Pledger of Georgia will be in the city next month.

Mr. Thomas H. Carter who has been to New York has returned.

The little daughter of Mrs. Mattie Brown gave a birthday party at the residence of her Aunt Mrs. Nellie Morgan on Monday evening. There were about twenty misses present.

The many friends of Mrs. Phebe C. Murray will regret to hear that she continues quite ill. She occupies a room in the private ward at Columbia hospital.

Prof. J. McHenry Jones, Grand Master of the Grand United Order of Odd Fellows in America, was in the city last week attending the Sociological conference.

Mr. James H. Coleman, District Grand Secretary, G. U. O. of O. F., is enjoying a ten days hunt in the vicinity of Harpers Ferry, W. Va. Jimmies gun has been loaded for "bar" all this year. He took some mighty "slick" game on the 17th of September last.

The local suffrage league will select delegates to the sufirage convention Monday night.

Send in your name to The Bee.

The Crispus Attucks association will give a ball some time soon.

Special reduced rates will be made from all parts of the United States to the convention.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Vanderson of Youngstown, Ohio, are in the city the guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Chisolm 1915 11th st. N. W.

Public Installation Ceremonies will be held at the Second Baptist Lyceum, Sunday. November 22nd, at 3:30 P. M., at which time Lieut. Richard E. Toomey will be inducted into the Presidency. This is one of the most ular Lyceums in the city.

ANACOSTIA NEWS.

Some of the business men of Anacostia, D. C., will open December 1st 1903, a grand dry good and fancy department store.

Mr. Wm. Ernest Lewis will entertain a few friends from Detroit, Mich., on Thanksgiving evening.

Mr. Robert Johnson of Germantown, Pa., is here visiting his sister.

Mr. Robert Battey and Miss Sallie Craig were married happily last Wednesday evening.

Mr. Harry Pleasant who has spent three years at Fort Robinson, Nebraska is home again.

Mr. Wilkinson and family have gone in their new home on Morris road.

A beautiful cottage on A street will soon be occupied by Mr. Bruce a new inhabitant.

Mr. R. H. Lewis has bought one of Mrs. Harriet Fraziers lots and expects to build in the spring.

The mandolin club has been abolished for some unknown reason.

There will be services at Bethlehem Baptist Church on Thanksgiving morning at 11 o'clock, Rev. Joseph Matthews, pastor. Also a dinner. Admission 20 cents. Dinner free.

There are several buildings being erected as an annex to St. Elizabeth's asylum.

The people of engine house no. 15 are well supplied with all kinds of music and a costly library.

Mrs. Slaughter Carter, has opened an up to date grocery store on Nichols ave.

Miss Hamilton of Galveston, Texas is visiting her brother Dr. Wm. E. Hamilton, Morris road.

Miss Effie M. Middleton will spend several days in Baltimore, Md., next week, the guest of Miss Lizzie Hitchens.

The rumor in regard to my daughter, Miss Inez B. Hughes being married, is false. She is not married to anyone, and I will prosecute any person who seeks to annoy her or any member of my family with such rumors.—E. H. Hughes.

The talk of Tim. Fortune in the *New York Age* of suing the *Boston Guardian* for libel is extremely humorous taken in connection with the amount of filth, misrepresentation and billings gate that has appeared in the columns of the *Age* concerning Mr. Trotter since the "riot" of July 30. Tim. has been referring to Trotter, as "Crazy Trotter," etc. Now if the aforesaid Tim. really believes Trotter crazy, why does he want to sue a crazy man? This is on par with Tim's usual mental pro

cesses. We would suggest as a title for a forthcoming dime novel: "Terrible Tim, or Babblements of a Bibulous Bookerite."

The Fair of the Third Baptist Church will continue until the 27th of November, it is being well attended.

The Washington Patriarchie, No. 18, attended the Fair of the Third Baptist Church last Monday night. Rev. Jas. H. Lee made the Address of Welcome. Capt. W. P. Gray made the response.

Miss Nannie R. Lee will probably be the guest of her sister Thanksgiving.

THE RACES.

The races have been well attended this week altho it has been quite disagreeable during a few days. The Washington Jockey club is beyond all doubt the greatest sporting association in the country. Those who have not been to the races should not hesitate to go. The management keeps the best order and those who attend are the leaders of society. It is strange, but at the races everybody is a full fledged citizen.

SAWED WITH HIS MOUTH.

How a Tramp Got a Good Meal Without Doing a Lick of Work for It.

Harry Sanderson, manager for Tony Pastor, who lives at Cranford, N. J., not feeling particularly well, took a day off recently and remained at home. From the window of his library he observed a tramp entering his gate and he walked down to the rear door to meet him. It was the old story—a request for a meal. Having a load of unsawed wood in the shed, he told the fellow that if he got to work and performed on the sawbuck for a brief period he would have something prepared for him.

The tramp went to the shed and immediately the sound of vigorous sawing was heard, stick after stick parting under his energetic efforts. Calling the tramp into the kitchen, Sanderson complimented him upon his energy, and the tramp replied with a modest air that whenever he had anything to do he generally paid attention to it. The meal was eaten and the tramp expressed his thanks and departed.

Shortly after Sanderson went out to the shed and was surprised to find every stick of wood intact. Upon inquiry in the village he ascertained that he had been entertaining a stranded ventriloquist, who was working his way back to New York from Easton, Pa. The mean chap had simply gone into the shed and given his imitation of sawing wood.

EXPRESSED HIS THANKS.

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EDUCATIONAL.

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Including Medical, Dental and Pharmaceutic Colleges....

THIRTY-SIXTH SESSION (1903-1904) will begin October 1st 1903, and continue seven (7) months.

DAY SCHOOL FOR NEW MATRICULANTS.....

Tuition fee in Medical and Dental Colleges, each, $80.00. Pharmaceutic College, $70.00.

Four years' graded courses in Medicine and Dental Surgery.

Well equipped laboratories in all departments. Unexcelled hospital facilities.

All students must register before October 12th, 1903.

For catalogue or Further imformation apply to

F. J. SHADD, A. M., M. D. Secretary, 901 R St., N. W.

AVERY COLLEGE TRADE SCHOOL

Reopens

Monday, Sept. 7th 1903

An ideal trade school for young colored women who desire expert mechanical knowledge as a means of increasing their earning capacity. Dress making, Millinery, Tailoring, Music and an English course from primary to normal.

Boarding, laundry, furnished room steam heated, electric light, $11.00 per month covers all expenses.

In appointments, cuisine service, and for the comfort of our students this school is excelled by no negro institution in America.

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All leading brands of Wniskies. Braddock Wilson, Old Taylor, Paul Jones, Overhalt, Congress Hall formerly 15 cents, will be sold for 10 cents over the counter.

J. H. MONTGOMERY, Proprieto

J. 1-4 t.

Heartless.

Tess—Mr. Sophtleigh gave you a camera for your birthday, didn't he?

Jess—Yes, and we took it with us on our stroll through the country yesterday. Oh, what do you think? He proposed to me; actually flopped down on his knees and—

Tess—What did you say??

Jess—Why, I said, "Look pleasant, please," and I do hope the picture will turn out well.—Philadelphia Press.

"Are you the boy that's been throwin' stones at my chickens?"

"Oh, no, ma'am. I'm the boy that throws stones at the boys that's after your chickens."—Chicago American.

How She Tells.

"Faith, Mrs. O'Hara, how d'ye till thim twins apart?"

"Aw, 'tis aisy—I sticks me finger in Dinnis' mouth, an' if he bites I know it's Moike."—Harvard Lampoon.

And So They Are.

"Jack told me I was not like other girls."

"That's what he tells all of us. He's read somewhere that all women are different."—Chicago American.

May Know Each Other.

Sillicus—Do you think we shall know each other in the hereafter?

Cynicus—I hope so. Few of us really know each other here.—Philadelphia Record.

NOT in the TRUST

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Snake Tried to Swallow It, But Couldn't, and Was Slowly Choked to Death.

A record-breaking snake story, the truthfulness of which cannot be doubted, comes from A. L. Osterhage, postmaster at Freelandville, Ind. His wife had been missing eggs from her henhouse for several days. The other evening she stepped into the hennery to gather what eggs were there, when she was startled by a monster snake coiled up near the nests. The snake was in the act of swallowing a porcelain nest egg.

Mrs. Osterhage quietly slipped away without disturbing the busily engaged reptile, and, going to a near-by shed, secured an ax with which to dispatch the egg thief. She was absent but a few moments, and on returning was surprised to find the snake stretched out on the floor

FOUND THE SNAKE DEAD.

of the house dead, with the porcelain nest egg wedged firmly in its throat, the reptile having choked to death on the artificial egg. Mrs. Osterhage chopped the body of the snake in twain and four artificial nest eggs were disclosed. The snake measured five feet and four inches in length and was of the viper species.

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Cupid Has No Respect for Age

Like Death, He Picks His Victims Among Old and Young—Couple Aged 101 and 99 United in Matrimony—Italian Lover Rescues Bride from Authorities—Aged Eloping Couple Caught—Leaves Dance to Be Married.

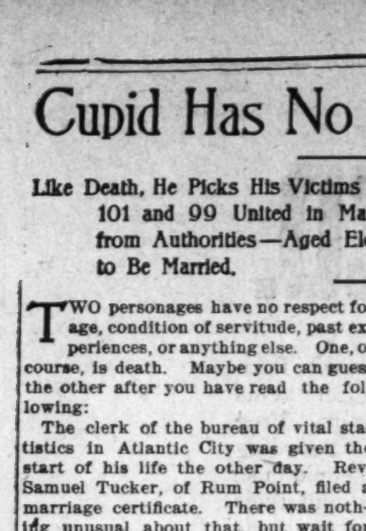
TWO personages have no respect for age, condition of servitude, past experiences, or anything else. One, of course, is death. Maybe you can guess the other after you have read the following:

The clerk of the bureau of vital statistics in Atlantic City was given the start of his life the other day. Rev. Samuel Tucker, of Rum Point, filed a marriage certificate. There was nothing unusual about that, but wait for the rest of it.

One of the two concerned in the certificate was 101 years of age; the other was 9. For him it was the sixth matrimonial venture; for her it was the fourth.

The husband was Jerry Bozarth, of Tanner's Brook; the bride was Julia Ann Jenkins, who had taken three other husbands, and had been robbed of them by death.

In Pontiac, Mich., there have been locked up for safekeeping two Canadians. One was M. J. Reed, aged 56, a



JERRY AND JULIA ANN.

school-teacher, formerly of South Colchester, Essex county, Ont., and the other Elizabeth Gibb, aged 62, of the same place. They were held pending an investigation.

They wanted to elope, and they did. They came across the boundary, and found that the United States authorities wanted to know something about them. It is not known who objected. Possibly it was the parents on account of the youth of the two. Anyway, some one did, and these two people, who might be assumed to have reached an age when they ought to know what they have a right to do, were treated as if they were a school boy and girl. It only shows that the young person who is no respecter of persons gets people of all ages into just about the same trouble.

* * *

They met in the shade of the Apennines—not the two above, but the following two. That was eight years ago. They were Giuseppa Salamone, belle of the vale, and Salvatore Basil, a handsome tender of flocks. The other day their romance ended in the United States commissioner's office in Brooklyn, a violin, strategy and Cupid foiling laws and jailers.

The life upon the Apennines was limited, and the young man wanted larger opportunities. He wanted to give his sweetheart more than the simple flowers he could pick in the fields, and as they played the violin together he spoke of another land. One day he said good-by to the girl and as a troth presented his violin to her.

Presently there came a message across the sea telling her to come to him, which she did. A disappointment was the first thing she met. In her eyes, glistening with tears of joy, were found the germs of trachoma. Of course, she did not understand what that meant, but she soon came to see that it meant something which would send her back home and prevent her from joining her lover.

The boy found her, hugging his violin to her breast, and about to be taken back to the ship. His movements were rapid, and they had to be. He was back in a short time with some papers which he had her sign. Then he was away again to present to the authorities the document in which Giuseppa agreed, by a properly signed and witnessed paper, to be his wife. Habeas corpus proceedings were instituted, and Commissioner Morle produced the bride.

* * *

Neither time, place nor circumstance is a great obstacle to Cupid. The truthfulness of this statement is proved by the following:

A justice of the peace in Houston, Tex., was approached the other night by a young man, who asked him if he had a minute to spare. On the justice replying that he had, the young man remarked that he had about made up his mind to get married. The justice said that he was willing if the proper credentials and the young woman could be produced. The young man said he would endeavor to find the girl, if the justice would get the license, and his agreement was reached.

By telephone the justice made arrangements for the license. The young man said the girl was at a dance, he thought. He would make a try and see if he could find her. Evidently, as the justice began to see, he had picked the girl. It was not going to be a case of sudden selection. She was found at the dance. It really was sudden, and she had five dances engaged, but just the same she explained to the young men whom she would have to disappoint, and accompanied the young man. She had known that the wedding would take place in a few days, and it didn't matter much if it were to take place a few hours earlier.

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SICKLES FOR ALDERMAN.

Famous New York War Veteran Seeks Comparatively Humble Office in New York.

Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, who has been nominated for alderman in New York on the fusion ticket, has an illustmous war record. He was born October 20, 1825 and after receiving a common school education learned the printer's trade

GEN. DANIEL F. SICKLES.
(Noted War Veteran Who Wants to Be a New York Alderman.)

Then he studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1846. Next he became secretary of legation in London, later being elected state senator in New York, and serving in congress from 1857 to 1861. Entering the union army, he won promotion to a major generalship and, though he lost a leg at Gettysburg, continued in active service until 1869, when he was appointed minister to Spain. Later he served another term in congress.

Diminutive Mexican Dog.

A little Mexican dog, of the Chihuahua breed, 16 months old, and weighing only 23 ounces, is a pet of Deputy Sheriff Hamilton Raynor, of El Paso, Tex. It is so small that it easily stands with all four feet resting on the palm of its owner's hand.

The Rose Vine.

The sun flung a kiss to the vine by the wall,
Where it lived all austere in the shadow of gloom,
And it shuddered at thought of politeness so small;
Then it blushed, and was radiant with roses in bloom.
—Washington Star.

There Are Others.

The other day a young man gave a reason for not dancing, the spirit of which might be made to apply to a good many failures in life.

"I should like to dance," he said, "and I should dance, only the music puts me out and the girl gets in my way."—Tit-Bits.

Something New.

"Yes," said the museum manager, "I've engaged a living skeleton and a fat freak that are positively unique."

"But living skeletons and fat women are such chestnuts—"

"Ah! You've said it. These are a living skeleton woman and a fat man."—Philadelphia Press.

ADMIRAL ALEXEIEFF.

Russia's Viceroy in the Far East Is Famed as a Diplomat as Well as a Fighter.

That Russia does not choose to loosen her grip in the far east is amply proved by the imperial ukase creating the Amur district and the Kwan-Tung territory, a special viceroyalty. Vice Admiral Alexeiff, aide-de-camp general to the emperor, who has been appointed the first administrator, has for some time been

ADMIRAL ALEXEIEFF.
(Commander in Chief of the Russian Forces in Manchuria.)

superior chief and commander-in-chief of the Russian troops in Kwan-Tung, and of the Russian naval forces in the far east, and he is now vested with supreme authority over all branches of the civil administration. A special committee, under the presidency of the emperor, will see that his policy is in keeping with that of the ministries. Admiral Alexeieff has already done much valuable work for his country, and has seen service on land as well as on sea. His most ardent partisans are said to believe that he captured the Taku forts unaided, relieved Tientsin, and rescued Admiral Seymour. His passion for Russian bridge is extraordinary, and a defeat at his favorite game makes him a dangerous master until the fit has passed. It is, perhaps, fortunate that he dearly loves a fight, for his qualities both as warrior and diplomatist are likely to be of value to him in the near future.

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INDIAN GIRLS ELOPE.

Leave Government School at Night and Make Their Escape by Canoe and Steamer.

Two pretty quarterbreed Indian girls, 17 and 18 years old, escaped from the government Indian school on Vermillion lake, near Tower, Minn., by a rope from the washroom window, and eloped with their lovers, Thomas Gheen and John Gagnon, aged 21 and 18, respectively, pilots on lake steamers.

The girls remained that night under a rowboat on a point in the lake during one of the most terrific storms of the season, while the fellows returned to Tower to allay suspicion.

After picking up the girls, the fellows took a small steamer and went up Vermillion lake, pursued by Bob Fleetwood, an officer at the school, and an Indian policeman. At a roadhouse half-way across Crane lake portage the quartette were captured, but the girls eluded the officers and escaped to

ESCAPED BY ROPE ROUTE.

the woods. The hunt was resumed, but the girls could not be found.

Later Gheen and Gagnon rejoined them, and they sought shelter in a landlooker's shanty several days.

Gheen and Gagnon went on up the lake, but Gagnon returned with a third fellow, whose name is unknown. Gheen came back in time to see the quartette board a steamer for Fort Francis, Canada, where they were to be married.

This is the first elopement from the school, and the authorities are greatly chagrined to be outwitted by two girls. The story has been kept secret, the escape having occurred on September 19. Gheen has returned to Tower and resumed his position as a pilot on a steamer.

Entitled to a Divorce.

An unusual reason for divorce is pleaded by a Brooklyn gentleman, who asserts that his wife poured ice water on his head. A witty friend suggested that he should have smoothed her ruffled plumage by "heaping coals of fire on her head."

College Fer?

"What did you send your son to college fer?"

"Well, he wuz so worthless dat I thought it couldn't hurt him."—N Y Journal.

No Sympathy.

"Too bad 'bout Dr. Killum falling into the well, wasn't it?"

"Bad, nothing. He should have attended to the sick and left the well alone."—Chicago American.

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FIGHT TO THE DEATH.

Woman in California Has Struggle with Wounded Deer Which She Will Never Forget.

While hunting last Saturday Mrs. Tomlinson, of Philo, Cal., had to fight for her life with a wounded deer. Her dog was killed by a blow from one of the animal's hoofs, and then it dashed furiously at the woman. She gripped the big antlers and held on, and woman and deer wrestled back and forth

DEER SANK TO THE GROUND.

in a struggle that could end only in the death of one of them. They battled fiercely for several minutes, and then, weakened by the loss of blood, the deer sank to the ground. Mrs. Tomlinson is a powerful woman, otherwise the contest would not have lasted so long, nor would it have ended as it did.

Mrs. Tomlinson is well known as a hunter. She has to her credit a large string of deer and smaller game. Saturday morning she started on a deer hunt. Her dog raised a fine four-pointer and Mrs. Tomlinson immediately dropped him. As it lay on the ground Mrs. Tomlinson ran up to cut the animal's throat, but at the first prick of the knife it sprang to its feet, full of fight.

After it was over Mrs. Tomlinson, weak from the exertion and torn and bruised from the horns and hoofs of deer, made her way home. Her d returned to the spot and sebody of the deer, and Mrs. going to have the head memento of her fight for

SPANKED GIRL BRIDE.

Such Was Father's Punishment for His Child Daughter's Clandestine Marriage.

Because his daughter, who is just 14, dared to be wedded clandestinely to the man of her choice, William Smith, a well-known resident of Columbia, N. J., is charged with chastising her in a way that has found favor with parents for generations. In brief, Mr. Smith is accused of spanking his daughter, to her great humiliation. Her husband, Albert Ellis Cisco, of Nicholson, Pa., promptly had his father-in-law arrested.

The young bride was formerly Margaret Maltida Smith. She was attending the public school in Columbia when she met young Cisco. After a very short acquaintance they went to Washington, N. J., where they were married by a justice of the peace. It

BRIDE SPANKED BY PA.

was on their return to Columbia that the irate father administered such summary punishment.

Young Mr. Cisco is said to have declared he will push the prosecution against Mr. Smith. The latter has been considering whether he has not a case against Cisco for running off with and wedding his young daughter.

Gin in Her Prayer Book.

A devout lady in a London church was observed to occasionally press her lips to the edge of her prayer-book. One day it dropped to the floor, and a stream of gin issued from the supposed book. The latter was made of tin, and the contents served to satisfy the devout lady's craving for alcoholic stimulation.

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How a Statue Started.

Very warlike is the aspect of a major on equestrian statue in Belgium, yet there is no cause for alarm, since it is nothing but a tree. Some ten years ago a police officer retired from the force and went to live near Charleroi. Being an amateur horticulturist, he busied himself a good deal with trees and flowers and one day as he was trimming a hawthorn in his garden it occurred to him that it would be a novel idea to train it in such a manner that it would eventually assume the figure of a cavalry officer. At once he went to work, and after ten years' labor he succeeded in transforming the tree into a perfect picture of a mounted soldier. The tree is known in the neighborhood as "Gen. Hawthorn," and hardly a day passes that strangers do not come from a considerable distance in order to view this wonderful example of horticultural art.—Detroit Free Press.

The Last Word.

"She always has the last word."

"Yes; even in church; she always comes in on the 'Amen.'"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

By Miss May Clematis.

Some girls are too fresh.

Do not go alone on excursions.

Every girl should protect herself.

Do not express too much anxiety.

Do not expect to please everybody.

Courtship is of short duration now.

Never introduce yourself to a male.

Do not imagine that you are pretty.

It is in bad taste to admire yourself.

Artifice is like fresh cake it will get stale.

Independence in a girl will demand respect.

S. T. You must be able to protect yourself.

Be slow to speak but quick to comprehend.

Self pride will after lead to ridicule and disgust.

When your conscience is right, you need not fear.

Always be on time when you intend to attend church.

What will please some people will not satisfy others.

The honeymoon lasts three days only and hardly that.

O. T. Dresses have been quite pretty this summer.

Do your duty and nothing more can be expected of you,

Everything that becomes other people may not become you.

He will not respect you, neither should you ask to be introduced.

Familiarity should not be tolerated, it will cause you to be disrespected.

Nellie. Deception is very often prevalent in a fickled minded girl,

Norah. Do not be selfish. It is in bad taste to impose upon a true friend.

Paint on the face is vulgar. It readily demonstrates the character of the woman.

No lady will allow a man to walk with her with a cigar or cigarette in his mouth.

Miss E, You should not doubt when you see evidences of affections and of fidelity.

Be what you are and do not ever attempt to make of yourself something else.

Your good senses will teach you whether you are respected by your male escort.

Always keep one thing in view and that is always keep the gossipers tongue quiet.

A good house wife knows how to manage a house and what will please her husband.

Miss O. Do not believe everything that is said to you. It is well to weigh well, everything.

Sadie. Do not imagine that your place cannot be filled by another. Girls are often of this opiuion.

Bessie. Be contented and you will succeed. There are times in ones life that acts become bunglesome.

Miss R. M. Flashy dressing will become some people but what ones thoughts are is another question.

Etta. Friendship can be alianated by coolness and indifference. Some people cannot appreciate true friendship.

Miss T. M. You cannot expect to hold your friends by deception. This suggestion was given to you some time ago.

Ida. How can you expect to demand respect if you do not conduct yourself properly. You ask for advice. Be wise and let your actions and conduct show what you are.

I. M. All work is honorable, and you should never be to proud to do honorable work. Protect your honor no matter where you may be or what you may be doing.

Miss M. You doubt yourself, hence you cannot trust others. You must have confidence in some body. Never come to a conclusion until you are thoroughly convinced, Do not suspicion a friend without cause.

J. A. Take life as you find it. It is what you make it any way. There are people who believe that goodness is in excessive praying. Many hypocrites pray with no meaning or sincerity.

Izzie. Be thoroughly convinced that you have selected the proper person before you give the final yes. It is a life time companionship. Divorces are numerous. Do not marry for the name If your condition is to be improved and your companion the proper person, marry.

L. E. You are going away for the summer. You want to know what is best to do. It is better for you to go to some quiet country place and rest up. You cannot afford to participate in the gayieties of life if you expect to resume school work in the fall. Your health will not permit you. Take a good rest.

The She Bear and Her Young

A Guide's Story of a Hunt in Which His Heart Failed Him at the Finish.

"THE toughest thing I ever tried to kill and didn't," said Ben York, the veteran guide of the West Branch region, in Maine, to a New York Sun man, "was a bear, a measly, lean bear, with the hair all gone on her fore shoulders and her bones sticking through her skin in places, like a lot of ax handles in a meal bag.

"More than half a day I followed her around Jo Mary mountain, seeing where she had dug open the ants' nests for a lunch as she went by and where she had stretched herself up against a sapling fir and left her claw marks on the bark to frighten me with her size and the length of her reach.

"That's the way a bear always does when he's hard pressed. Instead of

SHE GAVE A LOUD GRUNT.

putting all of his cunning into trying to get away, he will spend time, which means life to him, in fool tricks to show off how powerful he is and how hard he will be to lick when he comes to close quarters.

"I drove that bear so hard that she took to a tree along in the afternoon. As near as I could make out she was just about discouraged in trying to live before I took up her trail, and by the time I had chased her 20 miles she was so hungry and weary with it all that she went up the tree expecting to die, but hoping to make the killing as difficult as possible for me.

"She was sitting on one limb, with her front paws hooked to another higher up, when I fired the first shot, and when the bullet went in behind her foreshoulder and came out from her neck on the opposite side, she gave a loud groaning grunt, which was partly from pain and partly from the satisfaction she felt in dying.

"I stood from under, expecting to see her drop. Instead of falling she moved about to the further side of the tree and began to gnaw off some lumps of spruce gum, which hung out from a broken bough.

"When she had made the gum all soft and plastic she pulled half of it from her mouth with her paw and slapped it against the wound in her side where the bullet had gone in. Then she treated the wound in her neck in the same way.

"If you had seen the look she gave me after she had performed this operation you never would try to shoot a bear in your life. You couldn't do it.

"Her eyes as much as told me she didn't give a rap for her life. She was thinking of two hungry cubs which she had hidden away in a ledge near Ripogenus lake, and she was trying to stop the blood long enough to get home and inform the youngsters that she had striven to do her duty by them, though luck had been running against her ever since I dropped onto her trail.

"As it was, I sent another shot through her body in front of her hips, and saw her reaching for more gum. Then the sinfulness and folly of what I was trying to do came to me so strong that you could not have hired me to shoot again—no, sir, not for a thousand dollars.

"A week later when I landed on the shore of Ripogenus lake to build a fire for dinner I saw a lean bear lying dead close under the rocky bluff. Though she had been cold and stiff for days, her cubs were still nosing her over in the hope of finding nourishment, and crying so loud that I took pity on them and shot one for dinner.

"When I went to pick him up and skin him, I looked at the dead mother and saw the lumps of spruce gum sticking to her sides. I then knew that she had gone home to die with her children.

"On the whole, I think she was the toughest and most resolute animal I ever had anything to do with."

EX-EMPRESS CARLOTTA OF MEXICO, MAD FOR MANY YEARS, IS NOW DYING

Ever Since 1867 She Has Kept Mock Court in a Chateau Near Brussels, Belgium, Believing That the Murdered Maximilian, Her Lover-Husband, Still Lives.

AGAIN comes word that Carlotta, ex-empress, but to-day little more than a crazed and pitiful reminder of an almost forgotten international tragedy, is dying at her chateau in the environs of Brussels, Belgium. Death to her would be a mercy.

A bride at 17, an empress at 24, a madwoman at 26, Carlotta represents in her own person not only the tragedy of a chimerical empire, but the traditional misfortunes of the luckless house of the Hapsburgs, and the vanity of earthly ambitions.

Thirty-seven years ago the beautiful young empress of Mexico parted with the lover-husband, to whom she had been married only ten years, to sail across seas and invoke for him the aid of princes, temporal and spiritual. They never met again, and neither ever knew why. Maximilian, led out with bandaged eyes to

EX-EMPRESS CARLOTTA.
(Widow of the Unfortunate Emperor Maximilian of Mexico.)

the "Hill of the Bells" on June 19, 1867, to die by the pistol shots of revolutionists, never knew that the splendid mental powers of his devoted wife had given way under their strain, and that she was by that time a babbling maniac holding mock court behind barred doors and asking: "Why does not the emperor come?"

Carlotta had for 37 years continued to ask: "Why does he not come?" never having been told what happened to Mexico's first emperor.

Shakespeare would have done justice to a story like Maximilian and Carlotta's. His pen could have drawn their happiness in paradise, of their early married life, and then the insidious entrance of the serpent of ambition, introduced by scheming statesmen with the cold-hearted Third Napoleon at their head. It pleased the powers that Mexico should be an empire. So, like the tempter of old, they took Maximilian up on an exceedingly high mountain, showed him that kingdom and all the glories thereof, and promised "all these will I give unto thee."

Fate's last most exquisite touch of irony in the situation was, that had they continued the idyllic, unpretentious life at Miramar, the crown of all the Austrians would have come to them through the suicide in 1889 of Maximilian's nephew, Crown Prince Rudolph, which would have made Ferdinand the next heir had he then been living.

Carlotta, as empress of a country which wished to be a republic, played her losing game bravely, and even brilliantly. In magnificence of her court, in personal extravagance, she was almost a second Eugenie. She was sincerely interested in her people, gave Maximilian sage counsel in state matters, restored the semi-ruined Chapultepec, palace of the Aztec kings, and rebuilt the celebrated "Montezuma bath."

When the climax of the ill-fated Mexican empire came, Maximilian was ill with fever, and his presence at the seat of trouble was imperative. The empress undertook to return to Europe to invoke aid of Napoleon III., and of the pope. But Napoleon, who had gotten them into this predicament, was not going to help them out. Then it was that the first mad symptoms manifested themselves. She left Napoleon in despair, and arriving at the Grand hotel in Paris, she had an attack of insanity.

In many quarters in Mexico to-day a more sinister cause for her mental breakdown is implicitly believed in. It is asserted that a decoction of the "loco root," which produces insanity, was secretly introduced into her food by some disaffected subject. But whatever the cause of her madness, it has never left her. Reports of her death were sent to her husband shortly before his own execution, thus sparing him one torment.

The ex-empress has been confined for many years in the Chateau de Bonchat, near Brussels. For years she has made pathetic pretense of holding court, ordering the pictures taken down from the walls, that she might give them to her attendants—who would quietly replace them—and excited by all visitors save her sister-in-law, the late Queen Henrietta of Belgium. Between her brother, King Leopold, and herself, a coldness existed, as even her disordered brain had received the impressions, current in Belgium, that he had gambled away a large portion of her once splendid fortune, which he held for her in trust.

In 37 years she had just one moment of happiness. That was when she was told of the death of Napoleon III.

COLONIAL AFFAIRS.

Congress Will Be Asked to Create a New Department to Take Charge of Them.

Another effort will be made during the coming session to induce congress to create a colonial department with a secretary at its head who will be a member of the president's cabinet.

Those who are engineering the movement will call it the department of insular affairs, and try to have Col. Clarence E. Edwards, at present the head of the insular bureau of the war department, made the first secretary.

Senator Foraker has announced his purpose to introduce a bill creating such a department. Col. Edwards is an Ohioan. At present the insular bureau has a force of 100 clerks. That is the chief argument in favor of the creation of the new department. As the colonel conducts the affairs of this bureau he exercises al-

COL. C. E. EDWARDS.
(Head of the Insular Bureau of the War Department.)

most as much authority as the average member of the cabinet, which is another argument for the creation of the new position.

The name "insular department" has been agreed upon by Senator Foraker and others interested, as being the least objectionable, but it is not proposed to confine the authority of the department to the administration of affairs of the insular part of the national domain. The idea is to include Alaska in the sphere of activities of the department, notwithstanding it has a territorial form of government.

MGR. MERRY DEL VAL.

Former Apostolic Delegate to Canada Appointed Papal Secretary of State.

The pope has appointed Mgr. Merry del Val, the former apostolic delegate to Canada, to be papal secretary of state. The announcement of this appointment was made in a letter presented by the pope to Mgr. Merry del Val. The nomination, however, will not be made officially until the next consistory, when the monsignor will also be made cardinal. Mgr. Merry del Val has long engaged the confidence of the pope, and it was made known last August that he would be the first cardinal created by Pius X. He was also a great favorite with Leo XIII, for whom he acted as private secretary.

Mgr. del Val is 37 years old and is a descendant of one of Spain's noblest families. His mother was an Englishwoman and he was born in England, receiving his early education from the Jesuit fathers in Stonyhurst college. His higher education was received in the Academy of Nobles in Rome. He was ordained to the priesthood soon

MGR. MERRY DEL VAL.
(Recently Appointed Secretary of State by Pope Pius X.)

after the appointment of his father as Spanish ambassador to the vatican, and was almost immediately made private secretary to Pope Leo. While delegate to Canada he settled the troublesome school question there. He has been acting as secretary of state since the office was vacated by Cardinal Rampolla.

Discover Honey in Skull.

Thomas Sumner, of Red Rock, Pa., and his two sons felled a tree on a timber tract at Hickory Grove. The tree seemed alive at the top, but dead and hollow at the base. After the trunk had fallen one of the boys began sawing it into sections. Suddenly his saw struck a hard impenetrable substance. The log was split and to Sumners surprise the skeleton of a large-sized bear fell from the cavity. With it came a swarm of bees which had built their nest in the bears skull, where they had stored several pounds of honey. It is supposed that years ago the bear crawled into the tree to steal honey which the bees were making in the hollow trunk, and, being unable to extricate itself, slowly starved to death.

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Bill—How did they come to name that cigar after the comedian, do you suppose??

Jill—Because it's rank, I suppose.—Yonkers Statesman.

One Sided.

Mrs. Van Blumer—I had a very interesting conversation this afternoon.

Von Blumer—Who was the listener? —Town Topics.

OLD SUITOR OUTWITTED.

Instead of a Bride He Gets a Drubbing from Which He Has Not Yet Recovered.

Recently an elderly oil merchant, who has for many years lived in Smyrna, fell in love with a beautiful young girl of the same city and asked her to marry him. She refused at first, but finally said that she would become his wife if before the ceremony was performed he would present her with the handsome house which he owned in the center of the city. He promised to do so, and straightway the necessary deed was drawn up, signed and handed to the covetous damsel, the understanding being that the marriage was to take place on the following morning.

That night the young lady slept in the newly-acquired house, and at the

GAVE HIM A DRUBBING.

hour appointed for the ceremony the elderly suitor presented himself at the door in his new wedding garments. Instead, however, of receiving him as a sweetheart should, the young lady no sooner set eyes on him than she rushed to the door and gave him, with the aid of a stalwart youth, with whom she appeared to be on very friendly terms, a drubbing, which was so severe that he was hardly able to crawl away from the spot.

After he had disappeared the faithless sweetheart and her companion barricaded themselves in the house, and though since then the disappointed oil merchant has formally demanded that his property be returned no attention has been paid to him.

Spanish Sailors Want Pay.

The press of Spain is unanimous in the opinion that the government of that country is lacking in the sense of justice by delaying the payment of the sailors who fought in the Spanish-American war. Five years have elapsed, and their pay is still due.

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Mamma—Yes; I believe so.

Johnny—I wonder why they don't give them castor oil?—Puck.

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Had an Appetite for Ice Cream That Nearly Led to a Serious Calamity—Surgeons at New Orleans Hospital Had a Hard Job in Shutting the Monstrous Cavity.

IN the amphitheater of the Charity hospital, at New Orleans, La., the other evening the wailing of a negro boy could be heard. "Oh, lordy, lordy! 'f I ever gits my mouf shet ergin I never is gwine ter open it ergin. Oh, doctor, doctor, please, sir, git my mouf shet. I been tryin' ter git hit shet 'n I kain't. 'F yo' ken shet hit fer me I ain't nebber gwine eat no mo' ice cream. Hit's dat nigger 'oman whut has got me inter dis trubble."

The negro's cries could be heard in almost every part of the hospital. He had been taken there by a friend. As he entered the gate one of the students saw him with his mouth as wide open as it was possible to open it. The student followed the negro into the amphitheater and found that the boy had opened his mouth so wide that his jaws had become dislocated. The student backed him into a corner and with his thumbs covered with rubber ran them into the negro's mouth, trying to get the jawbone back in place. Every few moments the negro would bite the thumb of the student and the student would mutter something which would not look well in print.

The negro was very much frightened. His eyes looked as though they were about to pop out of his head and if he had walked through a brier patch his eyes would have been pulled out by thorns.

The student understood the negro's condition and worked with him for some time. The first attempt to get the jaws into place was not successful. The student removed his thumbs and shook his head. The negro thought this meant that the student could do nothing. He gave vent to a wail that sounded like a lost soul and begged the doctor to make another attempt. All this time he was talking as though his mouth was full of hot mush. His mouth was so wide open that it was almost possible to see the cream he had eaten.

The student put the negro's head against the wall and bore down on it. There was a sound not unlike the popping of a champagne cork. The student removed his thumbs and the negro looked at him and began to work his jaws. The feeling of relief that came over his face was indescribable. The negro could not realize it for a few moments, and then, in an ecstasy of joy he shouted: "Hit's shet, doctor! hit's shet!"

The negro used his jaw for a few moments, and the student told him to close it. While the student was preparing the bandage for his jaws, the negro told him how he got into such a predicament.

"Me an' er 'oman was eatin' erwhile ergo some ice cream. Me an' her was 'vidin' what we had betwixt us. She tuk a big spoon and filled hit full of cream, an' she axed me did I want hit. I tol' her to gib hit ter me, but I didn't 'low dat I could take dat spoon in my mouf. She said ef I would put hit in my mouf I could hab it all, an' as I is powerful fond ub cream, I trowed open my mouf an' tol' her to shove hit in. De spoon was er heap bigger den I tought hit was, an' when de cream got inside an' I tried ter shet my mouf hit

"I TROWED OPEN MY MOUF."

wouldn't close. Dare I was, wid my mouf full ub cream an' couldn't swallow an' couldn't spit hit out. Hit kept gittin' col'er an col'er, en I hung my head down and let hit run out en de groun'. Den I tried ergin ter shet my mouf an' couldn', I cummenced ter git skeered, den, en I 'lowed I better go to horsepittal. 'F I hadenter got here wen I did I dunno whut would er happen. I sho wus skeered, en fum dis time on I nebber is gwine ter open my mouf wide, eben 'f sumboddy wants ter gib me er big piece ob watermillion."

The student bandaged the negro's jaw and took his name. The negro said his name was Henry McClemon, and when he left the hospital he was the happiest negro in New Orleans.

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